VOL. CCX, No. 2742

Fit "TripleX"- Reg'd and be safe

THE SPHERE, AUGUST 30, 1952
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

Bulmer's
POMAGNE CHAMPAGNE Cider
Made by the same process as Champagne

BY APPOINTMENT · CIDER MAKERS
H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD · HEREFORD

McVITIE & PRICE
Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits
EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

By appointment Sword Cutlers to the late King George VI
The World's finest cutting edges—
By Britain's finest craftsmen . . .
WILKINSON SWORD
SAFETY RAZORS, PRUNING SHEARS & GARDEN SHEARS
THE WILKINSON SWORD CO. LTD., ACTON, LONDON, W.4

double the bubble WITH 'Polly'
APOLLINARIS — NATURAL SPARKLING SPRING WATER

* CIGARETTES by ABDULLA *

Grant's Stand Fast Scotch Whisky

By Appointment Cyder makers to THE LATE KING GEORGE VI H.M. QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd. Attleborough & London
Gaymer's CYDER
Preferred by people of good taste

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
MOTOR POLICIES

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Office : Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2

BRITISH CATHEDRALS *YORK MINSTER*

"The Greatest Curiosity for Windows"

William the Conqueror brought both fire and sword to the ancient city of York. The sharp steel conquered; the flames destroyed; and when the last sparks had flown upwards into the sooty pall over the stricken city the Saxon minster of York was a charred ruin. Some twelve years later a Norman Archbishop, Thomas of Bayeux, began the building of the new Cathedral upon the ruins of the old—a work that continued for nearly four hundred years.

Today this great church—which dominates a city rich in ancient building—bathes the visitor in the colour and glow of its medieval, stained-glass windows, of which the most famous are the five, long, narrow lancets, the "Five Sisters". Legend says that its beautiful patterns were copied from needlework made some seven hundred years ago by five maiden ladies. Perhaps these windows are the Cathedral's greatest glory for they have delighted and astonished the most travelled and curious. In her "Journals" Celia Fiennes, the celebrated 17th century traveller, says "in the Minster there is the greatest curiosity for Windows I ever saw—they are so large and so lofty . . . more than I ever saw anywhere else . . ." Her simple description is tribute enough, for such beauty as theirs can never truly be conveyed by any other medium.

THIS PICTURE WAS SPECIALLY PAINTED BY FELIX KELLY FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED

"How's your Dichlorophenoxyacetic Acid doing, George?"*

Unlikely words from a farmer perhaps—but most farmers do recognize—and with very good reason, too—the important active role that agricultural chemicals play in ensuring bigger, better crops, greater beef and dairy yields. Monsanto supplies essential chemicals in ever increasing quantities to manufacturers of insecticides, fungicides, weed-killers, wood preservatives, soil sterilisers and other agricultural chemicals. By the same token, Monsanto makes important contributions to hundreds of other industries, too—helping to improve production and lower costs in hundreds of different jobs. Thus does Monsanto help industry at large—which serves mankind.

* *Chemical description of 2, 4-D produced by Monsanto for formulation by manufacturers of herbicides for the control of grassland, turf and cereal crops.*

MONSANTO

MONSANTO CHEMICALS LIMITED,
8 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1

In association with :— Monsanto Chemical Company, St. Louis, U.S.A. Monsanto Canada Ltd., Montreal. Monsanto Chemicals (Australia) Ltd., Melbourne. Monsanto Chemicals of India Ltd., Bombay.

Round Voyages to

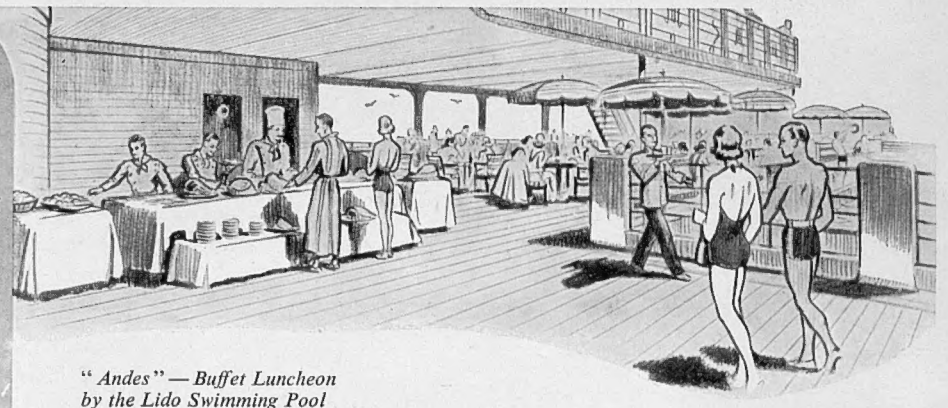
SOUTH AMERICA

by

ROYAL MAIL LINES

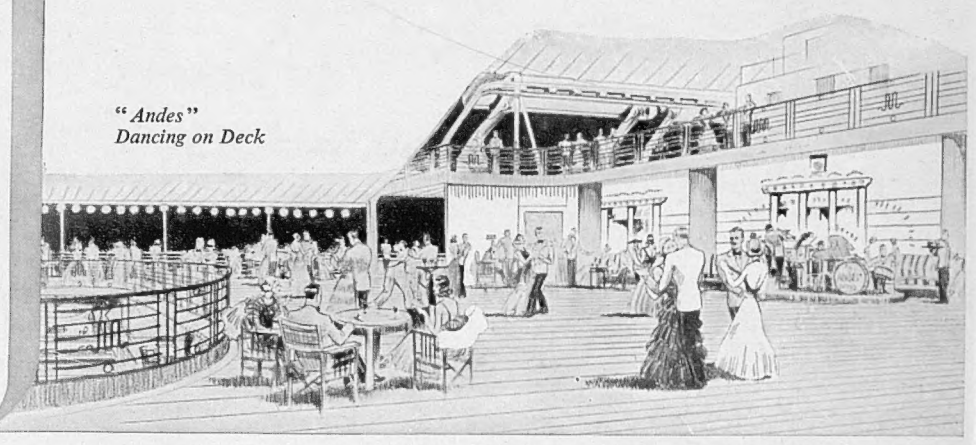
for

SUMMER SUNSHINE NEXT WINTER



"Andes"—Buffet Luncheon by the Lido Swimming Pool

The feeling of freedom from care; the relaxation of mind and body so noticeable while at sea; the exhilaration that comes from sailing out of the English winter into South American sunshine; the interesting and lovely cities—all this and so much more can be yours on a Round Voyage to Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina via France and the Peninsula. Remember, too, that you use the "Andes" or "Alcantara" as your hotel during the 6-8 days in Buenos Aires.

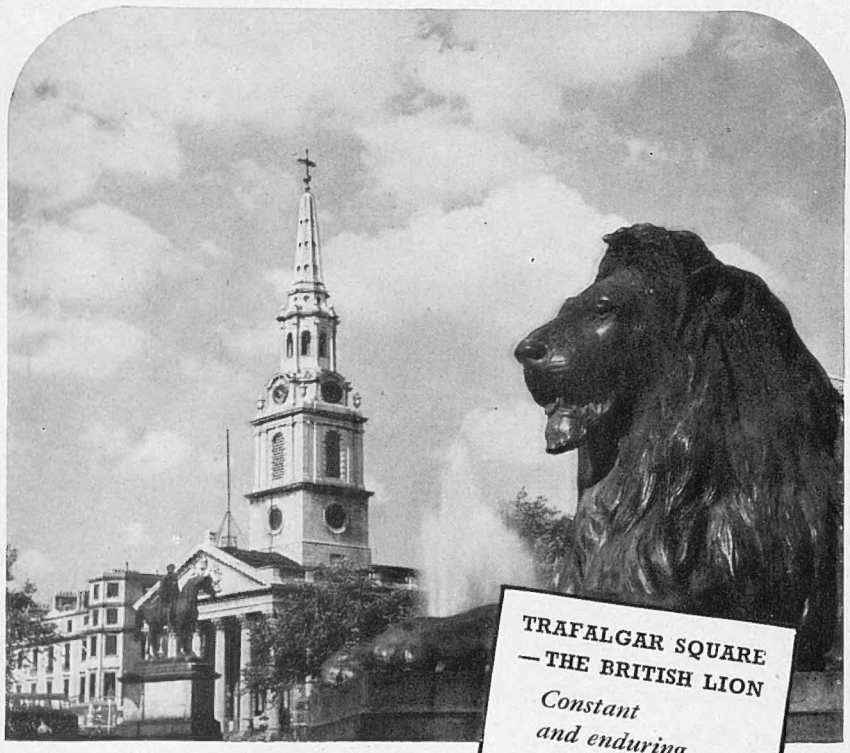


"Andes" Dancing on Deck

ROYAL MAIL LINES, LTD.

HEAD OFFICE:
Royal Mail House, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3
Tel. MAN 0522

WEST END PASSENGER OFFICE:
America House, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1
Tel. WHI 9646



...likewise is the service and security of the

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE Co LTD

LONDON & LANCASHIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

Chief Administration: 7 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

THANK GOODNESS!

Barker & Dobson

CAMEO CHOCOLATES · REGAL FRUIT DROPS

CREAMY MINTS, ETC.

MAKERS OF FINER CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONERY SINCE 1834

37

Volume CCX No. 2742 The SPHERE, London, August 30, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

LYNMOUTH NINE DAYS AFTER THE DISASTER—A MASS OF TANGLED WRECKAGE IN THE HARBOUR AT LOW TIDE AS MEN OF THE 6TH TRAINING BATTALION R.A.S.C. SET ABOUT THE TASK OF SALVAGING TIMBER: Tons of timber, urgently needed for shoring up shattered property and creating improved sea defences, has already been swept out to sea, but the troops are seeing to it that they retrieve everything possible.

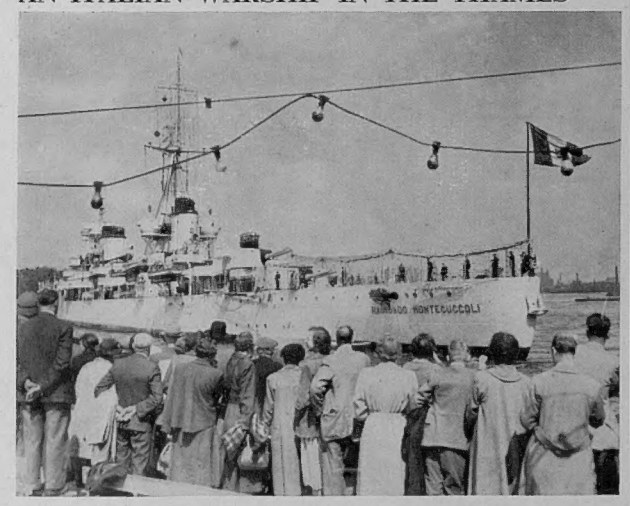
Last week-end Lynmouth people said farewell to their dead in the little cemetery on the road to the Valley of Rocks, and many holidaymakers went out of town to avoid intruding upon the scene. Meanwhile relief has poured in upon the stricken town in the form of money, clothing and necessities, the sun has shone, and the immediate task of rehabilitation has gone ahead with all speed. Vast quantities of timber have been salvaged from the harbour mouth for the purpose of shoring buildings, the first Bailey bridge has been built to take heavy traffic, and the bulldozers have been hard at work at the focal point of devastation. Most important of all, the future prospects are bright, with the Government clearly indicating its determination to assist the local authorities in the task of rebuilding. (Further pictures will be found on pages 296-97, and 309 to 311 of this issue.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE HORSE SHOW AT WHITE CITY

GREAT BRITAIN WINS THE PRINCE OF WALES CUP AT THE INTERNATIONAL SHOW FOR THE FOURTH YEAR IN SUCCESSION : The British team, here seen parading round the ring before the contest, was composed of (left to right) Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn, on Foxhunter ; Mr. W. H. White, on Nizefella ; Miss Pat Smythe, on Tosca II., and Mr. P. Robeson, on Craven A. The three international teams taking part in the jumping—Britain, Ireland and the U.S.A.—were played into the arena by the mounted band of the Life Guards, each preceded by a mounted artilleryman of the King's Troop, R.H.A., bearing the National Standard. In the jumping the first round was fairly level, but in later rounds Britain's horses had clear rounds, and the final scores were : Britain, 4 ; U.S.A., 29, and Ireland 56.

AN ITALIAN WARSHIP IN THE THAMES



THE ITALIAN MINE-LAYING CRUISER, "RAIMONDO MONTECUCCOLI," WHICH FOUGHT AGAINST BRITAIN IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR, BERTHS AT GREENWICH : On board were 150 cadets from the Leghorn Naval College, who came to study British naval tradition. The visit was expected to last about a week. This is the first visit made by an Italian warship to this country since the war. The *Raimondo Montecuccoli* has a displacement of 6,941 tons and can carry between 66 to 112 mines. She was laid down in 1931, but construction was held up pending alterations to plans. The ship was commissioned in 1935 and on trials reached a speed of just over 39 knots, without stores or ammunition on board.

A GUARD OF HONOUR FOR THE MAYOR OF GREENWICH ON BOARD THE "RAIMONDO MONTECUCCOLI" : Councillor Ingle was making a courtesy visit to the Italian ship and is here seen in company with Captain de Montzemoie.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d. ; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3 ; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s. ; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Lynmouth Disaster.—A major disaster struck the North Devon and West Somerset coast in mid-August, and the whole nation poignantly felt for Lynmouth and neighbouring villages and towns, and thousands of homeless people and holiday-makers caught up in death and tragedy. Such a disaster is called an Act of God. We leave it at that as the Law does. This is the Lorna Doone country. Girt Jan Ridd himself wrought manfully in such a visitation. What miracles he would have performed on the night of August 15–16, 1952, when the Doone Valley's little stream must have helped the Exe and Lyn Rivers to burst their banks. The West Country is wet, though not so remarkable, for annual rainfalls as Cumberland or Carnarvon, where 240 ins. have been recorded in a year. Yet I believe Somerset holds, or held, the British record for a twenty-four-hour fall, when 9½ ins. fell at Bruton on June 28–29, 1917, nearly 1,000 tons of water per acre. Now perhaps Exmoor holds the dreadful record. Nothing, of course, to Assam, where 40 ins. have fallen in a day, and where the average for a year is over 400 ins. But Assam expects such inundations. Bruton and Lynmouth did not. We plan, and we take all reasonable precautions, usually after some major disaster, for public safety. But Acts of God remain uninsurable, because they are imponderable. It remains, it still remains, to help the sufferers.

Holiday Accidents.—Every year the list of holiday accidents seems to increase at this season, for the reason, no doubt, that every year more people are on holiday in August. The North Devon flood disaster is a thing apart. No reasonable prudence, no skill, could have foreseen such a visitation nor avoided it. But ignorance and lack of reasonable prudence still account for most of the accidents on the sea, the shore and the cliffs. People totally ignorant of sailing put out in hired boats, bathers forget the tides exist and may cut them off, young people climb cliffs and mountains without a thought of soft or crumbling patches, of sudden mists and difficult descents. "Sportsmen," lacking training (or licences), borrow guns and climb over hedges carrying them loaded and at full-cock. The learner motorists are all set for any type of road and all kinds of traffic congestion. . . . It seems to me that to-day the nation needs as careful and long an apprenticeship in "the wise use of Leisure" as in the business of output or service, the job by which they live. These holidays may be long planned, but are often very casually begun. It is incredible how many of the still missing in the Lynmouth area floods apparently left no clues at home as to their intended plans and itinerary. They shut up their houses and go into the blue. It is all very casual and amateur. Security and familiarity justify such go-as-you-please. Most of them return home bronzed and well. But when disaster overtakes some of them, a strong case is made out for greater prudence in the planning and execution of a holiday.

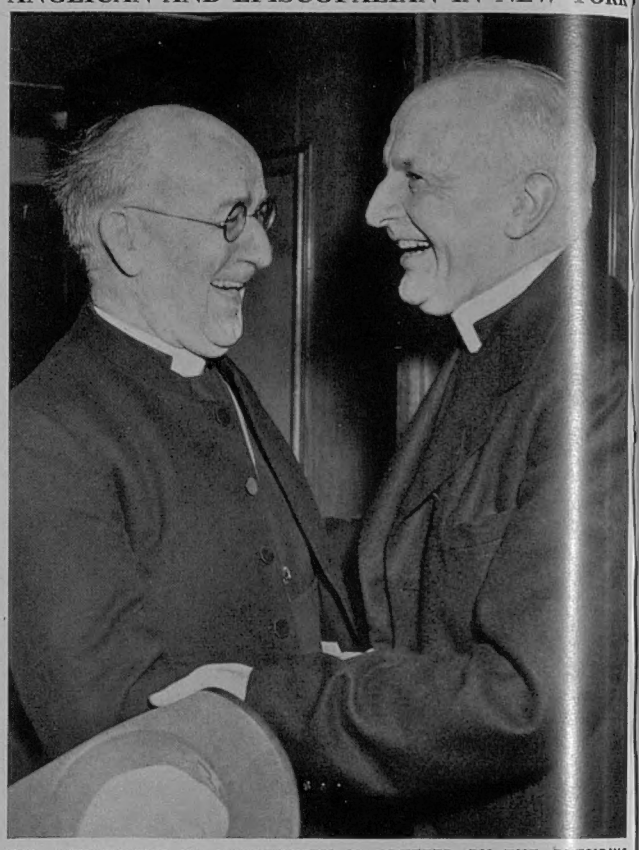
You Pay for Your Fun.—You eat your oysters . . . but there is always the bill to pay. And when we enjoy an English summer which is something better than "two fine days and a thunderstorm," we remember as we revel in the sun that soon enough the damp hand of the dingy waiter will hand us a bill for the oysters we have eaten. What does the bill look like ? Let us hope that it will never again look as heavy and ugly as Lynmouth ; but here is a typical sample : Scene—the Oval, facing the gasworks. A Test Match in progress. November skies, whorling clouds before a bitter east wind, heavy showers and constant drizzle, rows of wet and deserted seats, mushrooms of umbrellas sparsely dotted. An occasional view of faces peering from the pavilion, hope deferred and patience inadequately and tardily rewarded. . . . A misfit, a misnomer, "green peas at Christmas" and all the ugliness and squalor and depression of an ugly bit of London under ugliest conditions pretending to stage an idyll. Yet only yesterday, perhaps to-morrow, a summer idyll ! *Memento mori . . . æquam memento.*

Churchill's Holiday Task.—Save me from my friends ! One of Mr. Churchill's supporters—on the whole—among the big-circulation "dailies" allots him his holiday task. He must weed out and reconstruct his Ministry. Some of his lieutenants have done pretty well on the whole ; he himself is "splendid." But, then again, some have failed to earn the nation's confidence. They must go or be shuffled. The Board of Trade must be completely refurnished on the top floor. The Colonial Office had better pass its present Minister to the B.O.T. and find a substitute for Colonial affairs. And a new leader of the Government in the Commons must be quickly found. But the men at the helm of the Labour Ministry and the Home Office can remain *pro tem.*, subject to periodic progress reports. All of which, with the dewdrop for himself, Mr. Churchill is now busily studying. He had perhaps hoped to spend some of his holiday painting or laying bricks. But it is to be cabinet-making again, a hobby in which he is a mere amateur. We leave him to it ; he must, and will, of course, bow to the commands of those who claim to keep him precariously in power. His task is not hopeless, if he make good use of his available seedlings after a drastic weeding-out. On the other hand, perhaps (like me) he has given up weeding and doesn't always believe what he reads in the papers.

Cruelty.—It is often observed, and without surprise, that it is the custom of our nation to feel more concern about cruelty to animals than to children, to care more about the humane slaughter of animals than the inhumane slaughter of human beings on our roads. It is probably a true bill. We are lovers of animals and less obviously lovers of our fellow-men. If our fellow-men were dumb, we should love them more. It is the horror and injustice of the torture of creatures who cannot appeal for protection to our laws and decent instincts which make us feel so strongly about cruelty to animals. We know that it is rife still. It is due to callousness and to lack of imagination. Some are cruel because use has hardened them, some because they forget the needs of their animals and even pets. Cruelty to animals can make a sentient man loathe his fellow-men. Any market day in a country town you will see needless cruelty inflicted, by drovers, by children, criminally or in sheer ignorance or "fun." The officials of the R.S.P.C.A. are watchful and courageous, but still to-day they are too few and their representations take far too long to penetrate to those in authority who have the means of prevention and inspection, while prosecutions in the courts must not seldom seem disappointing in respect of penalties to those who judge by Press reports. Now at last horses and asses are to have the benefits accorded to cattle and pigs in the matter of slaughtering with the minimum of cruelty, if indeed inspection can attain that end. It is odd that a nation of horse-lovers has delayed so long to ensure some humanity in "killing the thing they love."

Sequels.—The news that Mr. Holmes and Dr. Watson (whose lamented deaths were finally—but with gross exaggeration—announced or presumed on July 7, 1930) are alive and co-operating again is interesting news. It may be, good news too. It all depends on one's view of sequels. Some say they are always damp squibs. Sequels are of two kinds, and are usually undertaken to cash in on a great original success, perhaps unexpected. *Rupert of Hentzau*, for example, was a successful sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Another kind of sequel—even more doubtful and difficult—is the posthumous sequel. It was not badly attempted in *Pemberley Shades*, a reconstruction of Darcy's and Elizabeth's married life. But

ANGLICAN AND EPISCOPALIAN IN NEW YORK



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY IS GREETED BY THE PRESIDING BISHOP OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN AMERICA : Dr. Fisher, accompanied by his wife, had just arrived in the liner *Media* to spend a holiday with Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill at his home in Boxford, Massachusetts. During his five-week visit to the United States the Archbishop will address the fifty-seventh General Convention of the Episcopal Church, which meets in Boston from September 7-19. Dr. Fisher's address on September 9 will be on the World Council of Churches.

Bonavia-Hunt was not Jane Austen. The question raised by the announcement that Conan Doyle's son, with Dickson Carr's help, is engaged on a new series of Holmes stories—*The Adventure of the Seven Clocks* is already written—raises several queries. How much of his father's mantle has fallen on the son's shoulder? Can the clock be set back? Crime fiction has travelled far since 1890, and what did for Sherlock and Doyle wouldn't do for Christie, Rhode, Wimsey, Hanaud, Poirot and Co. Will it do for their public? Will America fall for it?

Shaw's Corner.—If hopes are dupes, fears may be liars. The fear that Shaw's Corner would become one vast and noisy car park the year round is already relieved, and new fears in other hearts take its place. If Shaw hoped that his Corner in the nation's heart would be as free of cobwebs as Shakespeare's he probably was duped. But we really cannot be sure that he had that hope. In England it is dangerous to use hyperbole even in jest. Indeed, it is dangerous to jest. Didn't Mr. Nicolson, in a B.B.C. joke item, once convince many listeners that a revolution had broken out in England? Shaw was a jester, a wit, a thinker and a reasoner. If humanity is not the word to apply to his writings, he knew a lot about human nature and was not always inclined to stress its weaknesses, for preference. Whether he knew enough of the British character to realise the danger of some of his extravagances being taken at face value, I don't know. It was a risk to his reputation and immortality prospects which he always took. We swallowed Chesterton's paradox because he was fat and jolly. But lean men with sharp tongues and obscure ideas of humour can't compete in posterity with the creators of Falstaff or indeed of "Girt Jan Ridd." You know where you are with them.

Miss Truman in No Danger.—Press photographers and columnist reporters have their "feelings," like you and me. Many of them are proud of their trade and (unlike you and me) glory in personal intimacies, close-ups and intrusions. Indeed, a very large proportion of Englishmen enjoy being rung-up about family weddings and tragedies, and hope to see themselves in print. Naturally, therefore, when a Press sleuth with pen or camera, is rudely thrust back from his victim, he hits back or makes a guy of his snubber. I am even now expecting something of the sort for having failed to give satisfaction to a gossip-columnist who telephoned on a private matter which very obliquely concerned me. Now, Miss Truman, travelling in Europe, is accompanied by a bodyguard. Such is the custom for the President's family in God's own country, the land of Freedom, where Freedom falters or acts too free. The bodyguard was very quiet and unobtrusive when she was in England. In Sweden, however, it was rather rough with the Press sleuths. Sweden was angry and hurt about that, and the Swedish Press reacted sharply. It said the cruellest things it could think out. It said (*inter alia*) that Miss Truman's life was in no danger in Sweden, for she had not gone there to sing. That was the unkindest cut.

Tremendous Trifle.—Our personal columnists certainly do their bit to make the nation and its leaders appear more foolish than it is, and they are. "For two months," gossips one of them, "the V.I.P.s concerned with the Coronation ceremony have been wrestling with an almost insoluble problem." There is a brief moment in the Coronation ritual when the Lord Chamberlain hands to the Primate the heavy Sword of State. Lord Clarendon walks with a stick and cannot adequately perform this brief duty. Could he appoint a deputy? Impossible. Could he manage the job himself? Not adequately, said the medicos consulted. What then? Unless a miracle solution is found, he must resign his high office, and an athlete must be found to perform this minute function of a minute's duration. No doubt, Lord Clarendon will soon be retiring in the ordinary course. I hope he won't be persuaded to retire on this issue. For, even assuming that our columnist's gossip is based on fact, we must not as a nation allow ourselves to be so fool's-capped by the Precedent Bosses. We mustn't fail to see the everlasting wood for the bay-trees in tubs. We mustn't all go dotty together, and months before we need. There are frightful issues ahead of us concerned with war and peace, bankruptcy and stability, life and death. Even the pundits of Coronation Committees have other jobs to do beside which one single detail in an elaborate rite—which in any case undergoes modifications or alterations with every Coronation—is very small beer indeed. But let us not condemn the V.I.P.s unheard. They can't be as silly as all that, and gossip columnists have been known to err on the wrong side of accuracy. But, accurate or lying, they certainly do more harm to our national reputation for sanity than the carefully prepared propaganda of our declared enemies. Save us from our friends and native gossip-fiends!

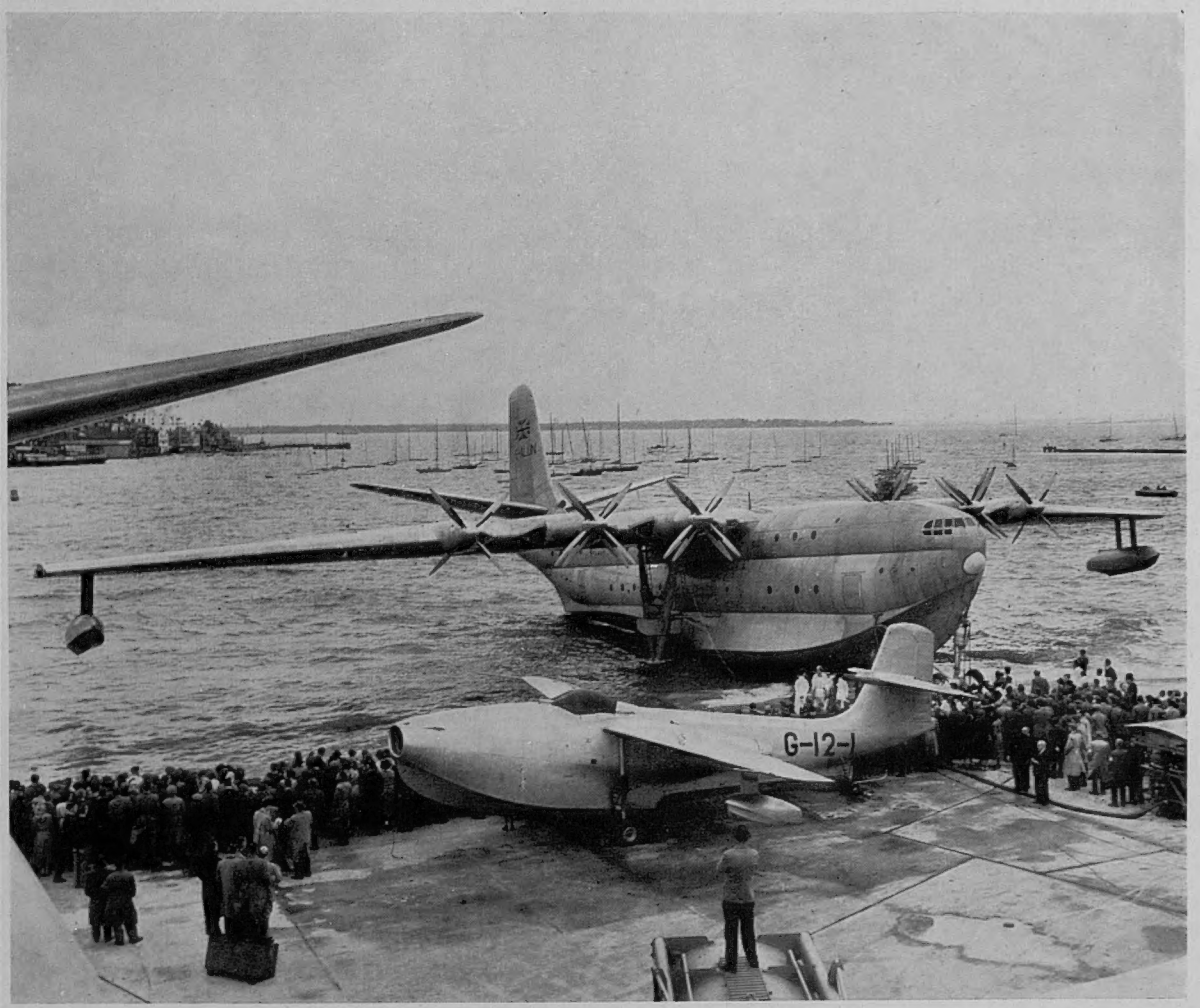
THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

TRENDS IN THE AIR AT THE FARNBOROUGH SHOW

By JOHN TAYLOR

LAUNCHING THE WORLD'S LARGEST ALL-METAL FLYING-BOAT



THE TEN-ENGINED PRINCESS TAKES THE WATER: The giant Saunders-Roe flying-boat seen after leaving the builder's slipway at the Medina Works, East Cowes, Isle of Wight, last week. In the foreground is the world's fastest flying-boat—the little 512-m.p.h. Saunders-Roe SR-A.1 jet fighter. On Friday of last week the Princess made her maiden flight, rising above the Solent with a grace that delighted all who beheld her. On the following page Uffa Fox, whose home overlooks the Solent and the East Cowes yard where the Princess was built, gives an eye-witness account of the maiden flight and of the taxi-ing trials.

Three of these superb double-deck Princess airliners were ordered for British Overseas Airways Corporation in May 1946 as flagships of Britain's North Atlantic air service. Each powered by ten 3,200-h.p. Proteus propeller-turbines, they were designed to fly the first non-stop service from Southampton to New York at 385 m.p.h., carrying 105 passengers in a standard of luxury and comfort rivalling the Cunard ocean "Queens." Then B.O.A.C. decided to abandon all flying-boat operations in order to save the expense of maintaining marine air bases throughout the world, and the Princesses were offered by the Ministry of Supply to R.A.F. Transport Command as 200-seat troop transports. This plan also has been dropped, and only one Princess has been completed. Its future is at the moment undecided, but a private company has been formed to operate Princesses commercially should the opportunity arise. Meanwhile, the second Princess will be "cocooned" and stored in an advanced stage of completion, and the third Princess retained as a valuable source of spare parts for her more fortunate sisters.

RACING IN THE CADETS' REGATTA AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH

YACHTS TAKING PART IN THE RACE FOR THE PRESIDENT'S TROPHY DURING THE CADET REGATTA AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH, ESSEX: All the competitors in the regatta were under eighteen and in the race for the President's Trophy every one of the fifty-four entries took part. It was a splendid race, sailed in a mild, southerly breeze and over a strong tide, which demanded the maximum skill from these youthful yachtsmen. Brian Appleton and Robert Vines, of the Minima Yacht Club, sailed faultlessly in their *Sea Horse* to capture a trophy much coveted by these young enthusiasts. D. Mayne, in *Havoc*, was second, and J. Payne, in *Guillimot*, third.

PRINCESS MAKES HISTORY

The Maiden Flight of the Giant Flying-boat

Described

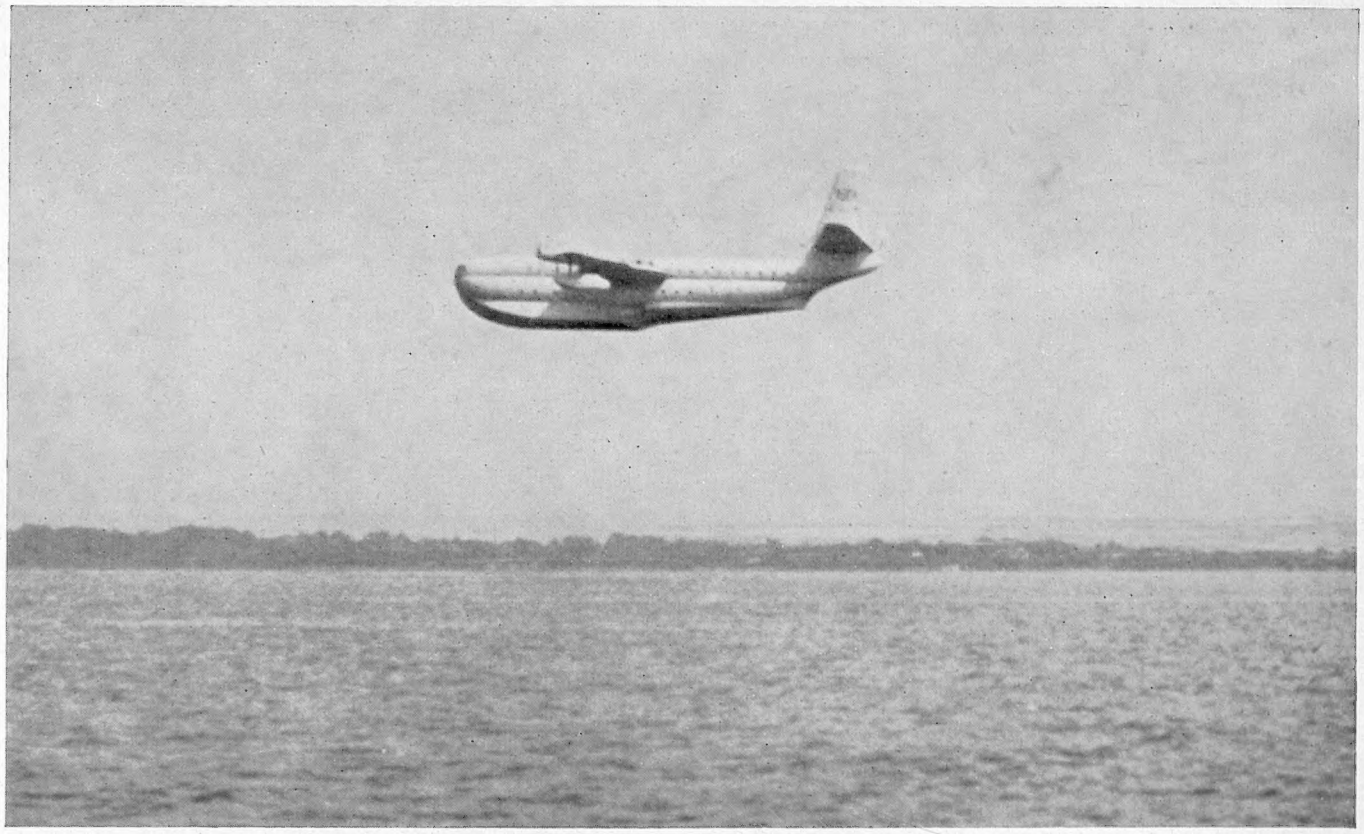
By UFFA FOX

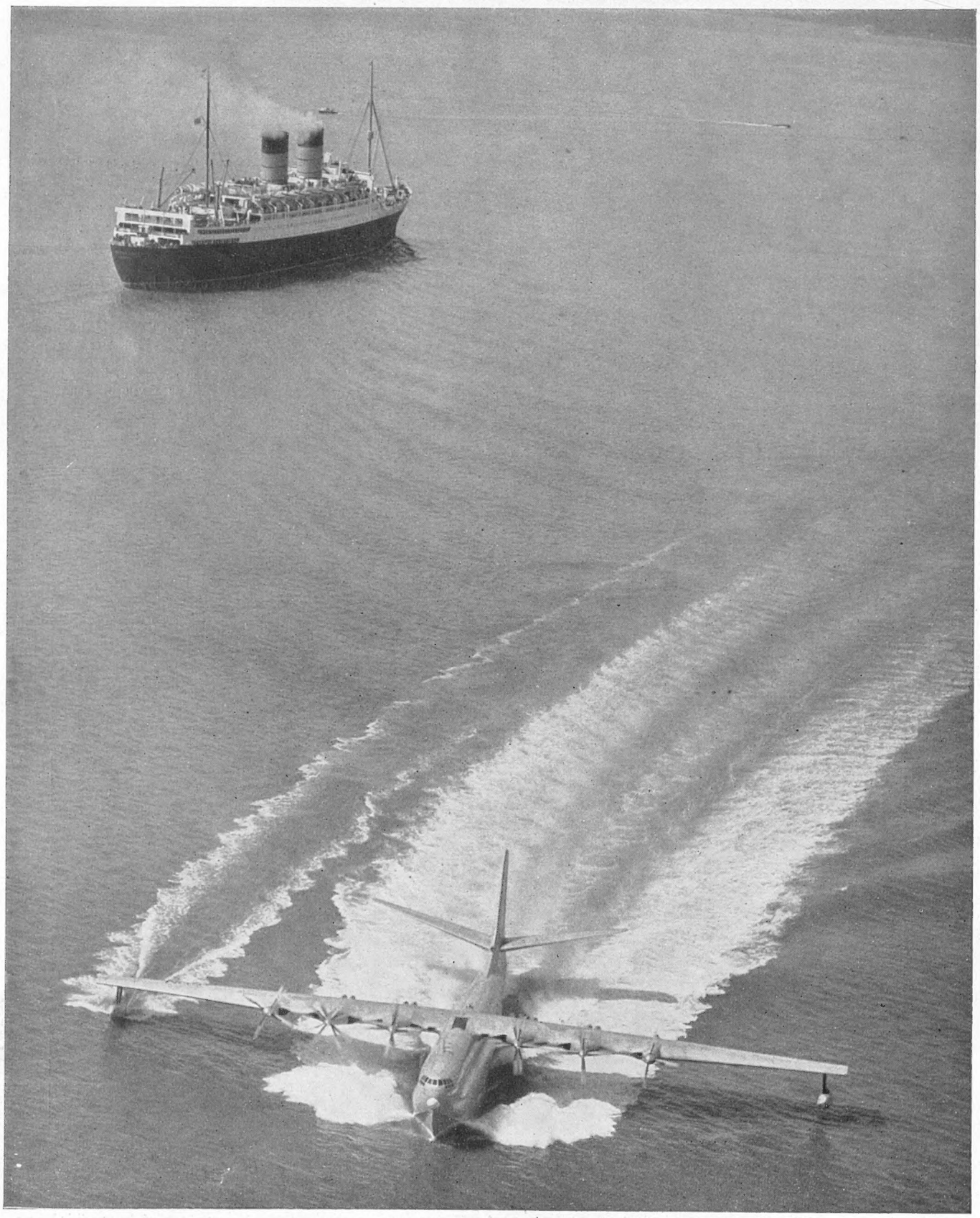
The Saunders-Roe Princess flying-boat made another page of air history at Cowes on Friday of last week.

The evening before, she was towed out and put on her moorings in Cowes Roads, and towards midday her engines started warming up and she slipped her moorings.

She taxied over the water so cleanly as to be unlike any other flying-boat in this respect, the bow seeming to collect the water and pass it underneath the hull, her gentle quarter-wave rolling up just forward of the tail-fin. The wind from the propellers cut off this stern-wave and, whipping off the top, threw the spume straight aft. As her speed increased, so did her bow-wave—but the waves along her side were even and reminded

(*Continued on right*)





THE PRINCESS OVER THE SOLENT: The giant Saunders-Roe flying-boat on her initial flight when, airborne for 32 minutes, she gave a smooth display in very favourable conditions.

(*Continued from on left*)

one more of a well-designed liner than a flying-boat.

Once she had left the moorings she turned eastwards and off Old Castle Point she passed to the north of the *Mauretania*, which was inward bound, and it is interesting to note that the freeboard of the flying-boat was exactly half the sheer height of the *Mauretania* at her after-end.

After a minute or two the Princess turned and started to taxi westward, against a light westerly air, and those of us who saw her were greatly impressed by her clean running at high speed and the smoothness with which she took off from the water.

Once off, she steered north-west up Southampton Water — gaining height the whole time until she was some 2,500 ft. in the air. Then, swinging left, she skirted the eastern edge of the New Forest, crossed the Solent, swung eastward across West Cowes and the River Medina (flying over the sheds of East Cowes where she had been born).

Once over the Solent the Princess then curved right and continued her way out through the Spithead, and her flying ability was every bit as impressive as her ability when waterborne.

Continuing round to the right, she completed the circle and came back to Cowes from the south, following the line of the Medina at 240 knots.

When waterborne, her wings are flexing downwards as the wing-tips are designed to flex. As she came from the south towards us it appeared that her wing-tips were still flexed very slightly downwards—thus showing that there is a great deal of reserve strength in her wings for the buffeting she is bound to encounter as she is flying through and over storms.

As she crossed the mainland at Hill Head, she swung left over Southampton Water, flying directly over the *Mauretania*, which was now about one mile inside Calshot. The Princess had not only taxied a long way down the Solent to Ryde before taking off, but had flown 110 miles whilst the *Mauretania* had been round the Bramble Bank and Calshot Lightship—a distance of some eight miles.

The Princess swung south again over the Island, dropping off her height and, as she floated easily and gently along, she curved north and landed sweetly and cleanly into the waters at Cowes Roads—her landing being as impressive as her take-off.

On left—

PASSING THE "MAURETANIA": The flying-boat on her taxi-ing trials, and in the background the Cunard White Star liner.

GERMANY'S FAREWELL TO SCHUMACHER

AND OTHER NEWS IN PICTURES FROM THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE

On left—Dr. Kurt Schumacher, the one-armed, one-legged Social Democratic leader, who headed the opposition to Chancellor Adenauer, died at Bonn on August 20, at the age of fifty-six. As a courageous opponent of Hitler, he won universal admiration, and no less admiration for the way in which, in recent years, he carried on the leadership of his party despite the fact that his health had been ruined by eleven years in German concentration camps. His leg, for instance, had to be amputated in 1948, a consequence of ill-treatment he had received at an earlier date at the hands of camp guards. Dr. Schumacher lost his arm while serving in the German forces in the First World War. Dr. Schumacher's main political aim was a reunited Germany, and her rise as a Great Power in the Western comity of nations; but for him German unification had to come before alliance with the West, hence his persisting antagonism to the Adenauer regime at Bonn.

THE FINAL TRIBUTE TO DR. KURT SCHUMACHER : Here the funeral procession is passing through the thronged streets of Hanover before the interment in the small cemetery of Rickling, a suburb of Hanover. Thousands of Socialist Party adherents and trade unionists lined the streets of Cologne, Dusseldorf, and Dortmund when the coffin passed on its way from Bonn to Hanover.

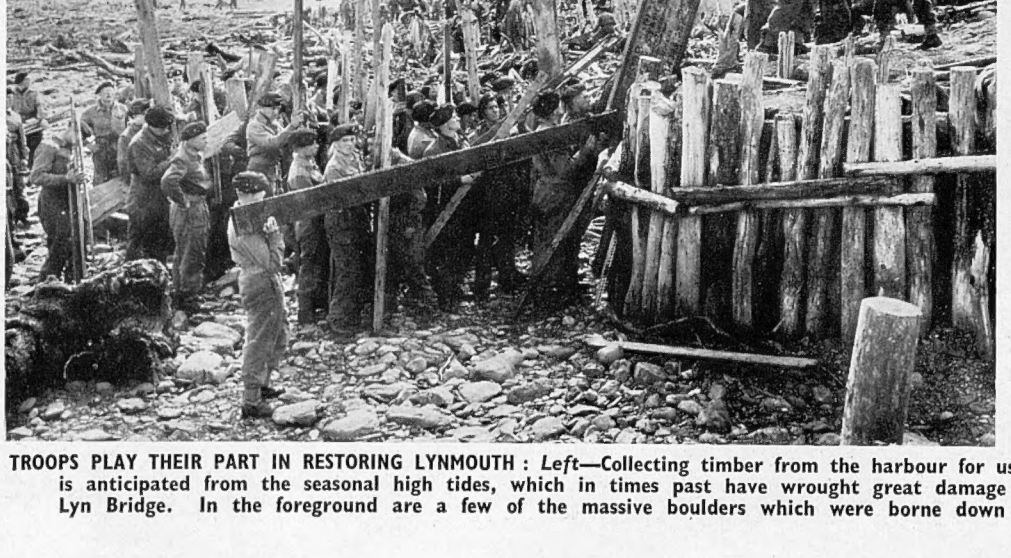
THE LYING-IN-STATE OF DR. SCHUMACHER : The coffin bearing the last remains of the West German leader was placed in front of the President's rostrum in the Bundestag at Bonn. There, before the departure for the funeral at Hanover, and the last rites of the Church, a short service of commemoration was held.

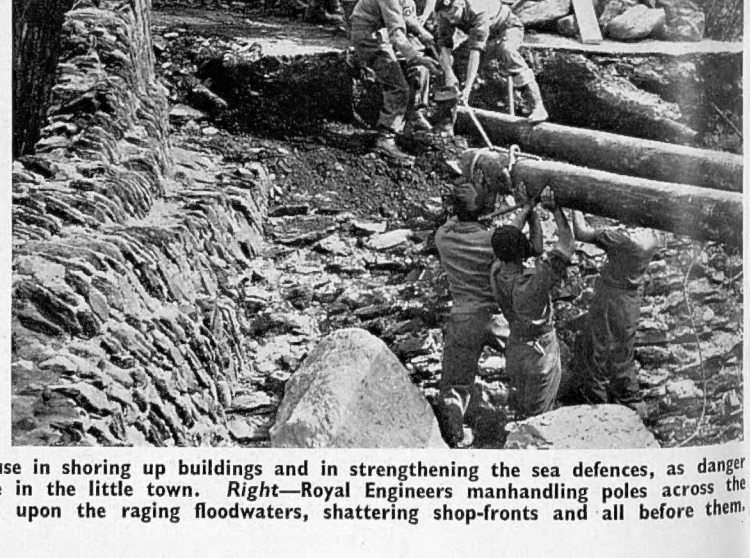
AN AUGUST INCIDENT IN THE WEST GERMAN CAPITAL—THE WRECKED OFFICE OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY IN BONN : The man in the centre of the picture holds a torn-down portrait of August Bebel, which he retrieved from the wreckage of the office furniture following a mid-August attack on the building. Communists say the wrecking was the work of the Bund Deutscher Jugend, a German rightish youth group. The Communists also stated that pictures of Stalin and other party leaders were torn from the office walls and "besmirched and defiled."

C.I.G.S. AT S.H.A.P.E. : Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the British Imperial General Staff, is greeted by General Matthew B. Ridgway, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, during a visit to Supreme Headquarters near Paris. Sir William addressed S.H.A.P.E. H.Q. officers on global strategy from the British point of view, and told correspondents that Britain would "strain every effort" to meet her commitments under the N.A.T.O. defence programme.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM N. S. TUBMAN, OF LIBERIA, ON A STATE VISIT TO SPAIN : The President (left) is seen in company with the Spanish Foreign Minister, Alberto Martin Artajo, as he reviews the troops who were present on his arrival at La Coruna. During his six-day State visit, President Tubman was received in audience by General Franco at San Sebastian.

FRENCH VILLAGERS READING A NOTICE OFFERING A REWARD FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING THE MURDER OF SIR JACK DRUMMOND : 500,000 francs (about £500) has been offered by a British Sunday newspaper for information leading to the arrest of the murderer of Sir Jack Drummond and his family, who were found dead at their camp near Lurs, in the southern French Alps. M. Gustav Dominici, the farmer who found the bodies, has also offered a reward of £10. Dominici has been questioned frequently and at great length by the French police, who have been assisted in their investigations by Scotland Yard detectives.





TROOPS PLAY THEIR PART IN RESTORING LYNMOUTH : *Left*—Collecting timber from the harbour for use in shoring up buildings and in strengthening the sea defences, as danger is anticipated from the seasonal high tides, which in times past have wrought great damage in the little town. *Right*—Royal Engineers manhandling poles across the Lyn Bridge. In the foreground are a few of the massive boulders which were borne down upon the raging floodwaters, shattering shop-fronts and all before them.

THE BURIAL OF THE LYNMOUTH VICTIMS

The Funeral at Lynton in the Cemetery Beneath the Valley of Rocks—Thirteen Bodies Laid to Rest

THE MOURNERS SURROUND THE NINE GRAVES AS THE WORDS OF THE BURIAL SERVICE ARE READ IN THE LITTLE CEMETERY BELOW THE VALLEY OF ROCKS AT LYNTON : In the largest grave were laid the bodies of four members of the Floyde family who were swept to death at Barbrook, before the waters of the swollen river reached Lynmouth and the sea. In the next grave were buried two members of a Lynmouth family, and in the remaining graves were also buried Lynmouth people. The vicars of Lynmouth and Lynton officiated, and members of the county and other local authorities attended.

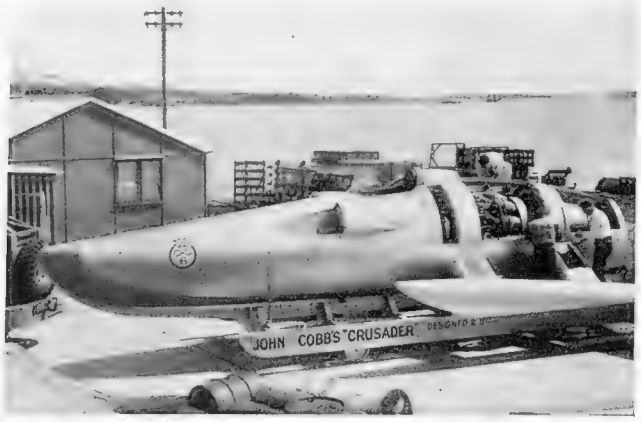
A MOMENT OF POIGNANCY IN THE LYNTON CEMETERY : One of the coffins about to be lowered into the grave, while the Vicars of Lynmouth and Lynton lead the prayers. Holidaymakers in the area refrained from entering the cemetery, but many of them stood in little groups in the fields and on the neighbouring hillside. When the last coffin was lowered, the bugler sounded Last Post and Reveille, and a piper played a lament, Pipe Sergeant-Major of the Royal Scots rendering "Lochaber No More."

On right—

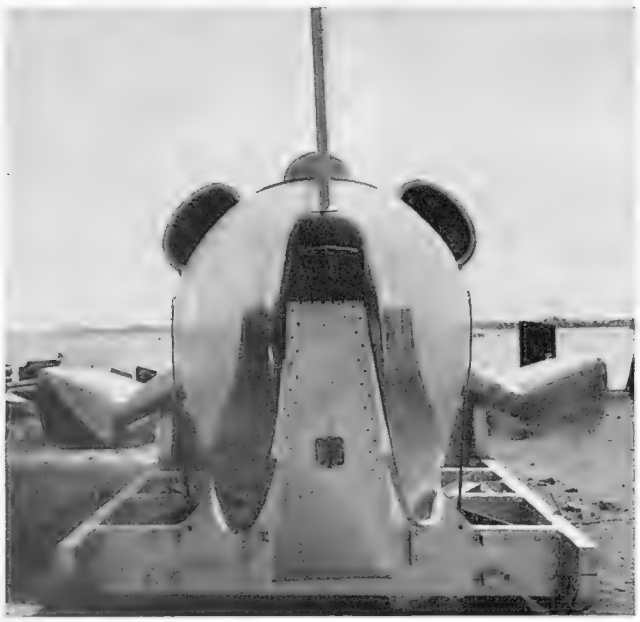
THE WORK OF REHABILITATION GOES ON : A mechanical excavator at work in Watersmeet Street, gouging out debris which was piled almost to the top of the shop windows. Lynmouth people who have lost their businesses temporarily are being assisted in making claims, but immediate steps are being taken to help them through the appeal by the Lords-Lieutenant.

SPEED KINGS

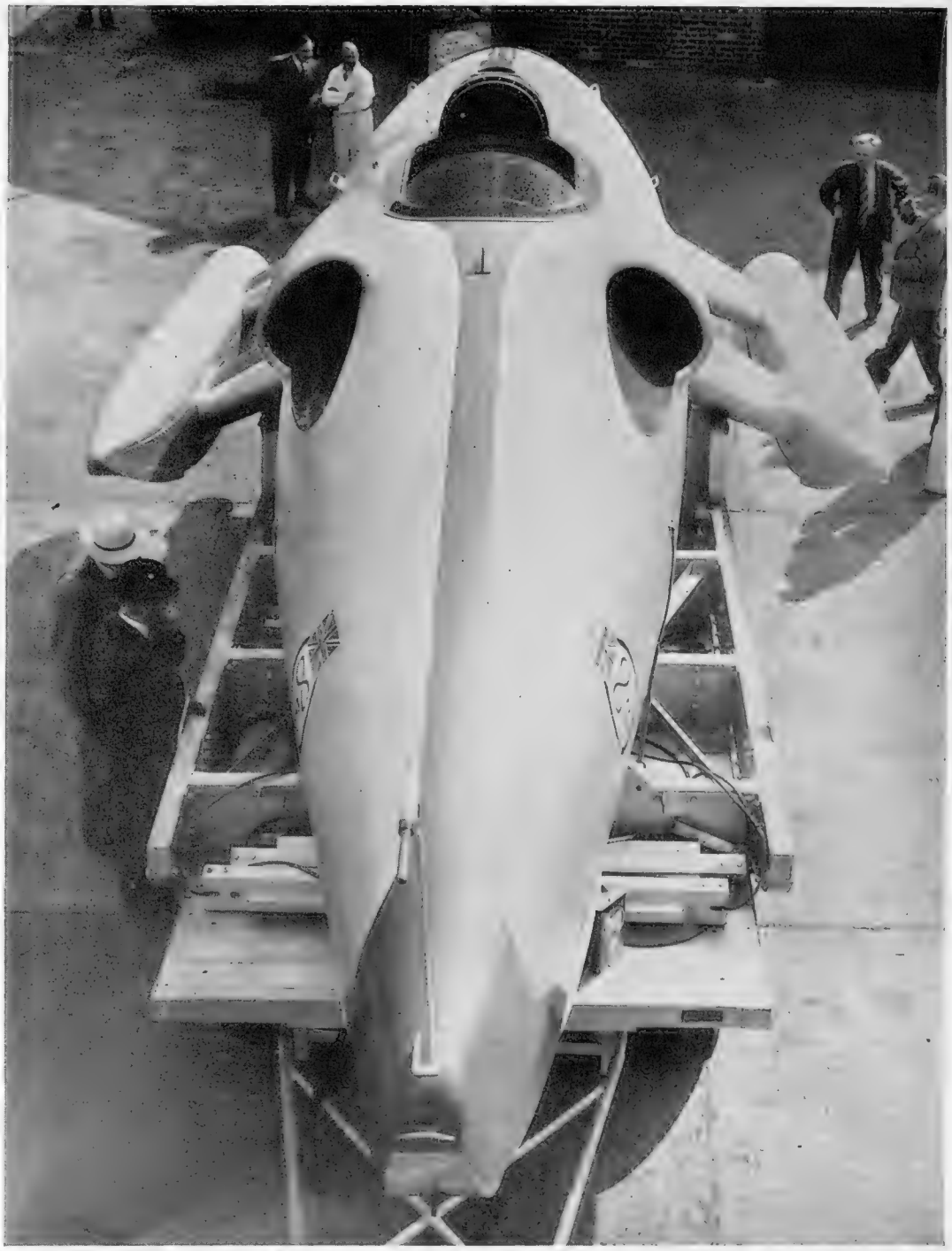
John Cobb's New Speed-boat, the Jet-propelled "Crusader"; the "White Hawk" Mishap on Lake Windermere; "Goldie" Gardner's New Records



JOHN COBB'S "CRUSADER," IN WHICH HE HOPES TO SET UP A NEW WATER-SPEED RECORD: The picture shows the *Crusader's* jet-engine, similar to those used in the Comet.

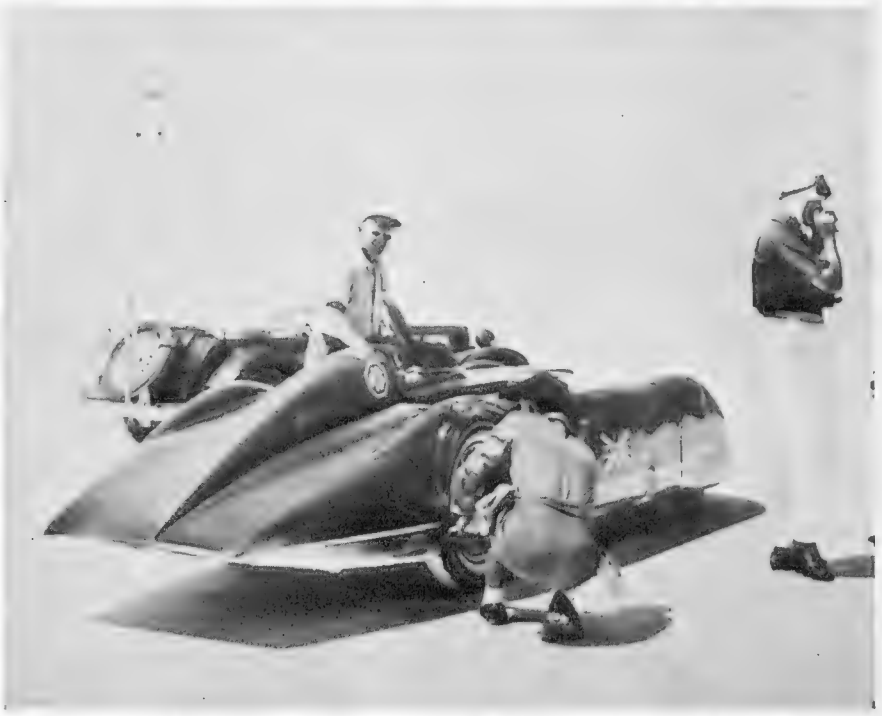


THE FACE OF A "CRUSADER": This view of the nose of John Cobb's new boat shows the floats and engine ducts. The jet-engined *Crusader* is reported to have cost £15,000.



A MONSTER DESTINED FOR LOCH NESS—JOHN COBB'S NEW JET-ENGINED SPEED-BOAT, THE "CRUSADER," IN WHICH HE HOPES TO CAPTURE THE WORLD RECORD: The *Crusader* was designed by Mr. Reid Railton, who also designed Mr. Cobb's car "Thunderbolt," which set up the land-speed record of 394 m.p.h. in 1945. The boat is powered by a 3,000-h.p. de Havilland Ghost jet engine similar to those fitted to Comet airliners and Venom fighters. The boat is made of birch-ply and high-strength aluminium alloy, and the actual planing surfaces are of aluminium sheet. Concealed in the stern are parachute drogues, which act as wind-brakes. A rocket-driven model, one-sixth of the *Crusader's* size, has reached 97 m.p.h. Preliminary Tests with the full-size boat will begin soon on Loch Ness, and Mr. Cobb hopes eventually to achieve a speed of 200 m.p.h. The present speed record on water is 178 m.p.h., held by Stanley Sayres, the American.

"WHITE HAWK," THE £14,000 JET-PROPELLED SPEED-BOAT, STREAKS ACROSS LAKE WINDERMERE AT OVER 60 M.P.H., THEN SHIPS WATER AFTER HITTING THE WAKE OF A PLEASURE CRAFT: This picture shows the speed-boat, in which a London couple hope to beat the world record during her first trial on Windermere. *On left — White Hawk* lying half-submerged at Cockshott Point after being towed to the edge of the lake by pleasure launches. The pilot, Mr. Frank Hanning-Lee, an ex-Naval officer, was unhurt. After hitting the wake of the pleasure craft the speed-boat bounced wildly over the surface and then dived nose first. It bobbed up again, and then came to rest in a half-submerged position. The boat was expected to be ready for further trials within a few days.

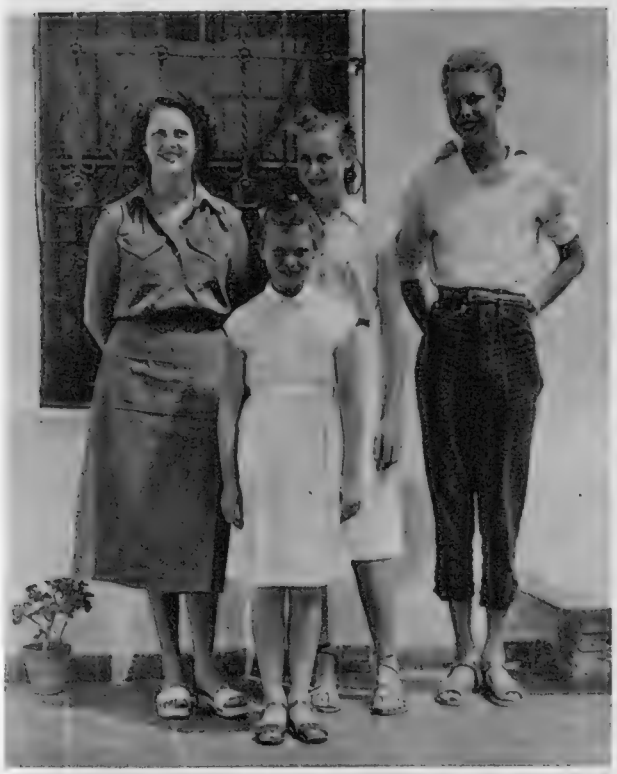


LIEUT.-COLONEL A. T. "GOLDIE" GARDNER (RIGHT) LEAVING HIS M.G. RACING CAR AFTER SPEED TRIALS ON THE BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS, UTAH: Just before this picture was taken, Colonel Gardner had narrowly escaped death when the car went out of control, smashed into a course marker and spun more than 2,000 yards across the flats. He suffered face cuts and bruises when a part of the marker smashed into the bubble cockpit, spraying him with shattered glass. Colonel Gardner gained five more international class records for Great Britain, including 189.50 m.p.h. over a five-mile course from a flying start.

A ROYAL PARADE

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR ARRIVES IN PARIS; MARGARET TRUMAN WITH PRINCE WILHELM IN STOCKHOLM; EX-QUEEN GERALDINE AND HER SON SET OUT FOR THE UNITED STATES; EX-KING UMBERTO AND HIS FAMILY ON HOLIDAY

TWO HELPING HANDS FOR THE DUKE OF WINDSOR: The Duke, holding his back, owing to the pain of lumbago, is aided by the Duchess and by a plain-clothes police inspector as he walks from the train at the Gare de Lyons, in Paris, to the car which took him to his home. On the right, his secretary, Victor Waddilove, walks down the platform holding the Duchess's dogs in check. The Duke and Duchess had just returned from Italy, after spending eight days on a diet at the Italian spa of Montecatini. Recently the Duke became ill with gastro-enteritis (inflammation of the stomach) while on a cruise. He recovered, and then came this attack of lumbago.



THE SON AND DAUGHTERS OF EX-KING UMBERTO OF ITALY ON HOLIDAY ON THE COSTA BRAVA: Princess Maria Pia, Princess Maria Beatrice, Princess Maria Gabriella, and Prince Victor Emmanuel at Umberto's summer residence, Casa del Mar. Prince Victor Emmanuel bears a striking resemblance to the former King Leopold of the Belgians, whose nephew he is. His mother, the ex-Queen of Italy, now lives in Switzerland. Ex-King Umberto, who will be forty-eight next month, has made his permanent home in Portugal, living in a villa near that of ex-King Carol of Rumania. The exiled Italian Royal family is comparatively wealthy, in part because of large funds which the former King Victor Emmanuel had at his disposal in London.

EX-KING UMBERTO: The former Italian King on the terrace of his summer residence at Casa del Mar.

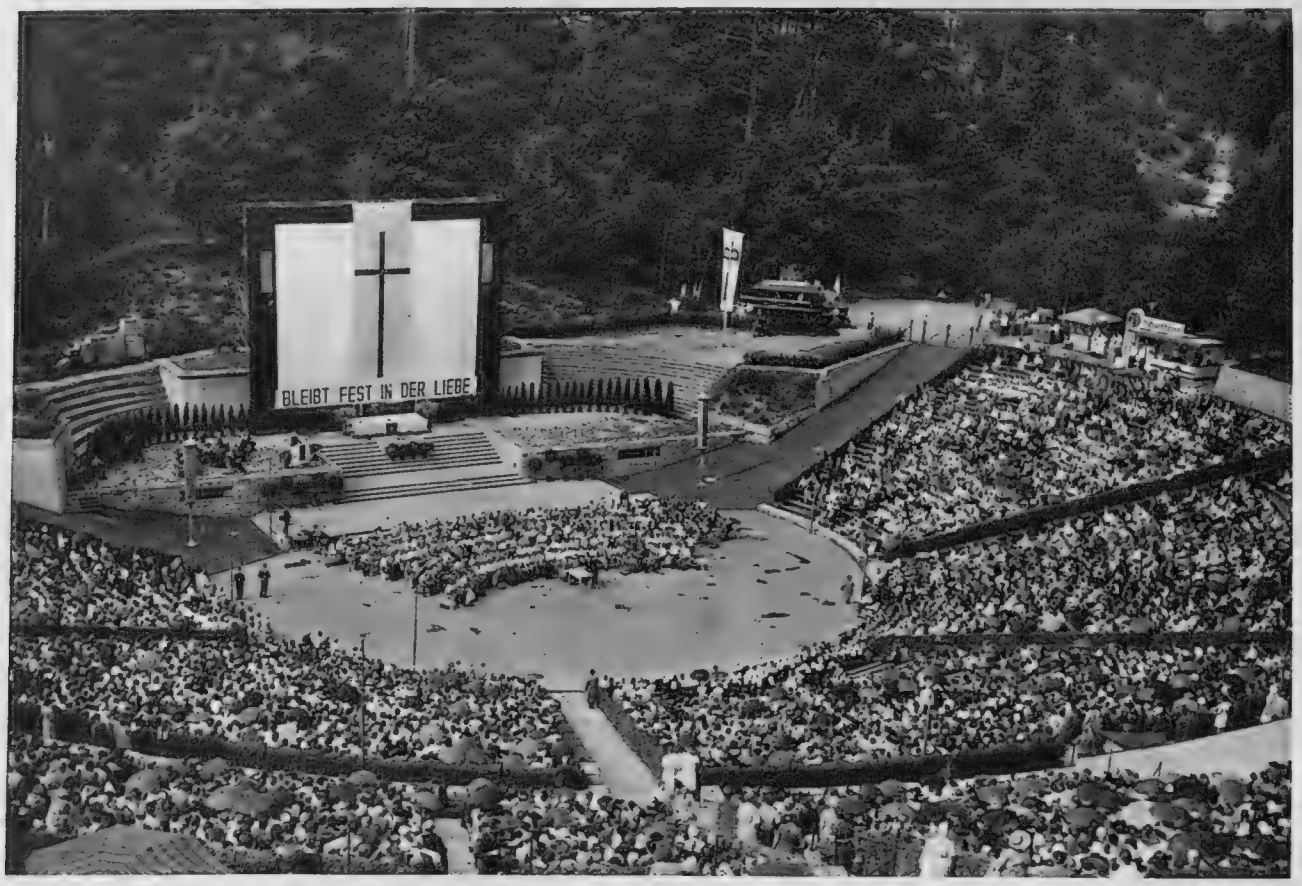
THE ALBANIAN EXILES: Ex-Queen Geraldine of Albania and her thirteen-year-old son, Prince Leka ("Butch" to his friends), seen in Alexandria before they left for Europe en route to the United States, where they are to take up residence and where the Prince will complete his education. Ex-King Zog will follow them to America. Prince Leka, already 6 ft. 7 ins. tall, is an English Soccer fan, and he hopes to make good in American football at his new school in the United States. The ex-Queen, who has been living quietly in Alexandria, is a daughter of the Hungarian Count Apponyi.

THE "AMERICAN NIGHTINGALE" IN SWEDEN: Miss Margaret Truman, daughter of President Truman, being escorted by Prince Wilhelm of Sweden during her visit to the old Palace of Drottningholm, near Stockholm. Accompanying Miss Truman on her European tour are three armed bodyguards, who have been the subject of criticism by Swedish newspapers, largely on account of their alleged attitude towards reporters. The Aftonbladet has said: "Miss Truman is in no danger in Stockholm. After all, she is not going to sing here." The White House has since claimed that "there is not one word of truth" in Swedish newspaper reports that Miss Truman's bodyguards "roughed-up" Swedish citizens. Mr. Truman is known to be disturbed about the unfriendly publicity given to his daughter's goodwill tour. One Swedish headline which the President has seen, declared, "Please ask Daddy, to recall the big bully at your heels."

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD KING FEISAL OF IRAQ IS GREETED BY PRESIDENT TRUMAN AT THE WHITE HOUSE: The King, having completed a visit to New York at the start of his month's educational tour of America, journeyed on to Washington to begin a week-end of sight-seeing before leaving for Detroit and points west. Secretary of State Dean Acheson met the King at the airport in company with President Truman's military, naval and Air Force aides. Later there was an official luncheon at the White House.

b

GERMAN PROTESTANTS RALLY IN WALDBUHNE STADIUM, BERLIN



A GREAT GATHERING OF THE FAITHFUL IN WEST BERLIN: This was the scene in Waldbuhne Stadium as some 20,000 Protestants, including many from East Berlin and the Russian Zone of Germany, heard Bishop Otto Dibelius issue a stirring plea for world peace. "We can only maintain peace," he declared, "if Christians everywhere do their duty."

A FOREIGN SURVEY

A Pictorial Record of Events Abroad

On left—

In recent days many thousands of East Berliners have crowded into West Berlin to take part in two important religious rallies, the first a gathering of 20,000 Protestants, who heard Bishop Dibelius deliver a plea for peace, and the second a Roman Catholic rally in the main exhibition hall of the British Sector. In the minds of both Roman Catholics and Protestants there must have been an acute consciousness of the uneasy relationship of religion and politics which now broods over one part of Germany. The attendance at the Protestant rally was about 20,000, and at the Roman Catholic rally about ten times that number. About 38,000 people flocked to the Roman Catholic rally from the East Sector of Berlin. They were not particularly obstructed by the East Berlin authorities, nor were they assisted. There were no special trains or buses to convey them, as these were cancelled, so the travellers had to use the ordinary trains and buses. The task of finding temporary accommodation in the Western Sectors was no easy matter, but it was facilitated by West Berlin's well-known experience in absorbing large populations.

THE FAR-EASTERN COMMANDER VISITS THE KOREAN FRONT

TWO KOREAN WASHERWOMEN LABOUR AT THEIR DAILY TASK AS AMERICAN TANKS THUNDER ALONG THE ROAD BEHIND THEM: The armoured vehicles, which were moving to a new sector of the front, are part of the 1st Tank Battalion of the First Marine Division.

While the intensification of the air war against the Communists in North Korea steadily mounts, ground fighting continues on a limited and sporadic scale. Reports reaching London indicate considerable patrol activity, with short but fierce encounters, often involving hand-to-hand fighting. A typical official report reads: "Four enemy platoons, supported by more than 2,000 rounds of mortar and artillery fire, probed a United Nations advance position east of the Pukhan River at 2.05 a.m., were repulsed at 3.35 a.m. and left the area at 4.10 a.m. An estimated 39 enemy were killed and 25 were wounded."

Meanwhile the Chinese Communist authorities have found it necessary to admonish and encourage the North Koreans. The two nations, said a message published and broadcast, could "smash the schemes of the American aggressors" in the Korean war as well as the deadlock in the armistice negotiations. The Chinese Government was convinced that China and North Korea had built up sufficient strength to gain final victory. This followed a statement by General Kim Il Sung, North Korean Premier and Commander-in-Chief, that the North Korean Communist regime would be willing to sign a truce ending the two-year conflict in a draw.

GENERAL MARK CLARK ON A VISIT TO THE KOREAN FRONT: Behind him is General James A. Van Fleet, who is Commander of the U.S. Eighth Army in Korea.

THE NEW STATUS OF ERITREA

THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA SIGNING THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF THE FORMER ITALIAN COLONY OF ERITREA: Haile Selassie is seen at Addis Ababa, with the Ethiopian Minister of Justice, Wolde Guioguis, standing beside his desk. The signing of this historic document was the last step in applying the decision of the United Nations General Assembly that Eritrea should become an autonomous State federated with and under the sovereignty of Ethiopia. The resolution adopted by the General Assembly also provided for the organisation of an Eritrean Government and a constitution to be prepared and put into effect during a transition period not to extend beyond September 15, 1952. A United Nations Commissioner in Eritrea was appointed.

EGYPT'S FIRM MEASURES AGAINST RIOTING

MUSTAFA MOHAMMED KHAMIS: He was sentenced to death by an Egyptian court as a riot-leader.

On left—

The sentence of death on Mustafa Mohammed Khamis, the first of the workmen to be tried for leading the disorders at the Misr spinning mills in Egypt, was read by the Supreme Military Tribunal in the presence of other millworkers. General Neguib, the Commander-in-Chief, and Aly Maher, the Prime Minister, are understood to have confirmed the sentence. Their decision indicates a firm determination on the part of the new regime in Egypt to maintain public security. In a message to the millworkers General Neguib said: "This criminal, Mustafa Khamis, has caused the death of three soldiers and three civilians. He is a traitor to the nation and it is only just to eliminate him from the nation for the well-being of the nation."

WHERE MEDIEVALISM LINGERS ON—PICTURESQUELY-CLAD PARTICIPANTS IN THE PALIO PARADING THROUGH SIENA: The Palio is held twice annually in Siena on the day of the Visitation of the Virgin and the day after the Assumption (July 2 and July 16 respectively). The most important events in this festival are a procession in which members of the seventeen contrade (wards) of the city march through the streets in medieval dress, and a bareback horse-race three times round the main square of Siena.

THE SPLENDOUR OF SIENA'S PALIO

THE START OF THE HORSE-RACE IN THE PIAZZA DEL CAMPO: The participants in Siena's Palio get off to an almost equal start as they begin their race, which will take them three times round the main square. The prize is a banner (Il Palio) bearing the likeness of the Madonna.

Siena's Palio is always a breathless affair, and the daring of the riders has to be seen to be believed as they gallop furiously over the perilously cobbled course, which is banked high with spectators. Each rider and his mount are battling for the honour of one of the seven wards, and in the churches of Siena the horses are invariably blessed before they take part in the contest. At one time all big Italian towns held their Palio, but Siena is the only one that has maintained the tradition. It is believed that the first race in Siena was held in 1260, and it is typical of the conservatism of the Sienese that the tradition should go on. Siena, which lies about 30 miles to the south of Florence, remains one of the most interesting towns in Tuscany, and next to Rome, Florence and Venice it is certainly the most important for the study of medieval art. It was in the Middle Ages that Siena attained the height of its prosperity, when it was in formidable rivalry with Florence. Its sudden political fate ensured the preservation of its artistic heritage.

VICE CHARGES AGAINST A MARGARINE HEIR

MINOT "MICKEY" JELKE (RIGHT), THE HEIR TO AN AMERICAN MARGARINE FORTUNE, WHO WAS ARRESTED DURING A DRIVE AGAINST PROSTITUTION: With him, on the left, is Raymond Russell Davioni, described as an unemployed night-club Press agent, who was arrested at the same time on charges of compulsory prostitution and living off the proceeds of a prostitute. Before them on the desk are the two pistols which the police allege were found in Jelke's flat. Mr. Anthony Leibler, the Assistant District Attorney, described Jelke in court as a procurer who used his New York flat, which was lined with pictures of nude women, as a place of assignment. Four attractive young women, who are alleged to have taken part in the lucrative trade, were held in bail as material witnesses. They were said to have received 50 to 75 per cent. of all fees and to have taken part in the business "with their eyes open for the money in it!"

HE IS WANTED BY THE CHINESE NATIONALISTS

On right—

The Chinese Nationalist Government on Formosa has asked Mexico for the extradition of General Pang Tsu Mow, on charges that he embezzled more than 5,000,000 dollars of Government funds while he was head of the Chinese Air Mission in Washington in 1950 and 1951. The General has been arrested by the police in Mexico and has now been taken to the penitentiary. Agnes Kelly, of New York, the General's secretary, was also arrested but was later allowed to go free. Another American, Oliver Kisich, of San Francisco, was freed on 1,200 dollars bail, after being arraigned in the Federal Court on charges of aiding General Pang Mow to enter Mexico illegally and helping to dispose of stolen funds.

LIEUT.-GENERAL PANG TSU MOW: Aleged to have embezzled 5,000,000 dollars of Government funds.

THE PERSISTING REGIME OF GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-CHEK

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK PAYS A VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES: The wife of the Generalissimo being greeted with a bouquet of flowers presented by a child in the name of all Chinese Americans as she reached San Francisco Airport from Formosa. Madame Chiang went at once to a hospital in San Francisco, where she will be treated for a skin ailment. She told the Press that her health was the reason for her visit to the United States.

A NATIONALIST REVIEW IN FORMOSA: Admiral William M. Fechteler (left), Chief of U.S. Naval Operations, and General Sun Li Jen, Chinese Nationalist Army Commander, seen together on the parade-ground at Taipeh, where the Admiral saw troops who have been trained under United States military advisers.

Of recent months the island of Formosa, Chiang's last bastion in the Pacific, has not occupied world headlines, but it has remained in the forefront of world diplomatic discussion, and every move in relation to the island—even a health visit to San Francisco by Madame Chiang Kai-shek—is variously interpreted in various capitals. The recent diplomatic negotiations in Moscow between Communist China and the Soviet Union included a detailed examination of the position in Formosa. It is known that Chiang's island has strengthened its defences enormously in the past year, almost entirely due to American training methods, while there have also been successes in the diplomatic field, the Nationalist Government on Formosa receiving the recognition of the Spanish Government. The Spaniards are indeed sending a diplomatic mission to Taipeh. Hardly less significant was the Japanese peace treaty signed with Nationalist China last April, the signatories being Dr. George Yeh, the Chinese Nationalist Foreign Minister, and Mr. Isao Kawada, a former Japanese Defence Minister.

THE HUSKIES FLY OVER GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

The British North Greenland Expedition Transport their Dogs from Young Sound to the Main Base at Britannia Lake

THE HUSKIES ENJOY THE SUNSHINE OF YOUNG SOUND BEFORE BEING FLOWN ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS TO THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION'S MAIN BASE AT BRITANNIA LAKE: Some of the forty dogs with Mr. R. A. Hamilton (right), the senior meteorologist, chief scientist, and second-in-command of the expedition, and another member of the expedition. On August 12 forty sledge dogs were put aboard the Sunderlands in Young Sound and, without much fuss or bother, were transferred to Britannia Lake, right on the edge of the Greenland ice-cap.

THE GLACIER AT THE END OF BRITANNIA LAKE, QUEEN LOUISE LAND, THE MAIN BASE OF THE NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION, WHICH IS BEING SUPPLIED FROM YOUNG SOUND BY AIRLIFT: It was on August 5 that the first of the Sunderland flying-boats engaged in the airlift made a successful descent upon the waters of the lake. It was a hazardous descent, as the lake offers only one approach through the mountains from east to west, and a narrow one at that. Squadron-Leader J. S. Higgins was the pioneer pilot. He flew in from Young Sound and touched-down after two approach runs. In the days that followed, the Sunderlands flew in on regular scheduled runs, taking with them 150 tons of supplies, not forgetting the forty huskies.

The three teams of sledge dogs, which are to play their part in the exploration of the Greenland ice-cap, pulling the sledges from the main base at Britannia Lake, have undergone some remarkable experiences since they were first picked up in July at Ivigtut, the small Danish settlement in South-East Greenland. From Ivigtut they went by sea to Iceland in the *Tottan*, the Norwegian sealer which acts as supply ship to the British North Greenland Expedition, and after stores had been picked up at Reykjavik the whole expedition sailed for Young Sound, on the east Greenland coast.

With the expedition there were thirty-seven full-grown sledge dogs, all of them trained during last winter for the duties ahead, and three rollicking puppies. In addition, Pitsak, one of the bitches, produced four pups the day before the *Tottan* arrived at Ivigtut, and these also went along with the expedition.

After establishing the coastal base at Young Sound (an account of which has been given in recent issues of THE SPHERE) the next task of the expedition was to crate the main base at Britannia Lake. Along with the twenty-five members of the British North Greenland Expedition, and the 150 tons of stores, went the forty huskies, and the manner in which they endured the airlift into Queen Louise Land was beyond all praise. Sitting quietly among the huge barrels of dried halibut, an excellent but oily and odiferous basic food, they were wafted over peaks and glaciers, chewing as they went hunks of cheese-rind, and no doubt reflecting on the extraordinary things that can happen to a husky in this day and age.

On arrival at Britannia Lake all went well, and the unloading of the huskies via the bomb bays of the Sunderlands was for the most part, accomplished skilfully, speedily and painlessly. There was only one difficult customer. He had to be kept away from the other dogs in the interests of general peace, and an attempt was made to get him ashore in a rowing-dinghy. He failed to co-operate, and eventually jumped into the icy water, having to be steered back by the rowers to the safety of the flying-boat before being landed by way of the pontoon.

Meanwhile, in the cove on Britannia Lake, members of the expedition were busy organising their main base, and all was being got ready for the sledging journey that lies ahead—a journey which is to be fraught with interest and no doubt adventure, taking the dog teams and their drivers 250 miles northward on to the ice-cap where, at a given point, and on a given day, they hope to link up with Hastings aircraft despatched with supplies from Britain. At the time of writing the Young Sound-Britannia Lake airlift should be drawing to a successful conclusion, and airmen and expedition members are working full-out to have the base fully established before winter closes in.

Below—LOOKING DOWN UPON GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS DURING THE AIRLIFT BY FLYING-BOAT FROM YOUNG SOUND TO NEWLY-DISCOVERED BRITANNIA LAKE: The burning summer sun of a brilliant August has melted the snow on the higher slopes of the peaks along the Greenland coastal range. In a few weeks winter will have completely closed in upon Greenland, and the Sunderlands had to complete this airlift across the mountains while Britannia Lake—the goal of the journey—still remained ice-free.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO QUEEN LOUISE LAND : Looking down on one of the Greenland fjords at the start of the airlift from Young Sound to Britannia Lake. The peak in the foreground is almost completely bare of snow, giving a clear indication of the great strength of the August sun. Icebergs dot the fjord, floating majestically down towards the sea.

TWO SLEDGE-DOGS ABOARD A SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT : They behaved magnificently during the trip, and only in one of the planes did a cannonade of barking break out above the engines' roar, and that may have been mere high spirits. On the journey the dogs sat among barrels of dried fish which will provide their diet during the next two years.

THE HUSKIES ARRIVE SAFE AND SOUND ON BRITANNIA LAKE AFTER BEING AIRLIFTED ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS : Some of the dogs being taken ashore together with their own food supplies and other stores and equipment. On arrival at Britannia Lake the dogs had to be man-handled through the bomb-doors of the flying-boat, and it was no easy task putting them aboard the pontoon that was to float them to the tiny cove where the British North Greenland Expedition has established its main base.

TOKIO TURNED OUT IN FORCE TO SEE THE COMET, WHICH, THROUGHOUT ITS STAY, WAS THE CENTRE OF AN ADMIRING CIRCLE: Visitors waiting to walk through the airliner at the end of the pioneer flight to Japan this summer. Altogether 12,000 people went to see the airliner in Tokio, and quite a large proportion of them were able to inspect it at close quarters, among them American troops.

FLYING THE COMET ROUTE TO TOKIO

The Famous De Havilland Airliner Pioneers a New Service to the Far East, Invading the Domain of American Aviation Interests and Setting New Standards in Aerial Travel

By GEOFFREY WILLANS (Author of *One Eye on the Clock*)

To-day Britain is setting new standards in aerial travel as the Comet airliner is brought into service on the skyways of the world. Already the Comet route to Africa is well established upon a paying basis. The scheduled service to Ceylon is under way, and now B.O.A.C. are charting the route as far eastwards as Tokio. While America lags three, four, five or even six years behind Britain in jet production, orders pour in for the Comet from other countries. Canadian Pacific Airlines are to use Comets on the Honolulu to Australia leg of their service, while the Venezuelan Air Line, L.A.V., announces that two Comet II jets, with Rolls-Royce Avon engines, have been ordered for use on direct non-stop services between Caracas and New York—competition which will surely affect the American operators in the years ahead. As we go to press there comes even more significant news, and which is no doubt closely linked with the Comet's proving flight to Tokio. The news is that two Comet Series II airliners are to be supplied to Japan Air Lines, an independent Company which has taken the lead in the first stages of the Japanese revival in the air. These Comets will operate on Japan's first post-war external services.

The success of the Comet design has been described at length in previous issues of THE SPHERE. *It is the basis of Britain's vigorous post-war merchant service which has stirred the pride of Englishmen. In the following article, Geoffrey Willans, journalist and novelist, gives an account of the first Comet flight to Tokio, and tells of his own personal experiences in the celebrated aircraft on a flight from London to Singapore. The way in which the Comet was received at Far Eastern airports was heartening indeed, showing clearly enough the new prestige which Britain now enjoys in the air.*

LAST July 3 a Comet I—G-ALYP—took off from London Airport on the first jet-airliner flight ever made to Tokio. On board were Mr. A. C. Campbell-Orde, Director of Development for B.O.A.C., Captain A. M. Majendie, Flight Captain in charge of Comet operations, with other representatives of B.O.A.C. and the Ministry of Civil Aviation. The Comet took the normal route towards Singapore, branched east at Bangkok and flew to Tokio by way of Manila, Okinawa and Nagoya—an island-hopping route. It reached Tokio on July 8, taking a total of 27 hours 22 mins. flying hours to cover the 10,404 miles.

This was a proving flight such as already had been undertaken on the routes to Johannesburg and Colombo, now flown by Comets on a passenger service, and to Singapore, where the jet service comes into operation in September. The object of the flight was not to show that a Comet could fly to Tokio—that was already perfectly well known. What was being done by the experts on board was to see how best the route can be planned and to attempt to estimate how soon a Comet passenger service to Tokio can be begun.

The eastern route by way of Rome, Beyrout, Bahrein or Cairo, and across India from Karachi to Calcutta, Rangoon and Bangkok had already been flown on several occasions by Comets. It was only after Bangkok, with its delightful modern airport of Donmuang, that this flight was breaking entirely new ground. It was taking the Comet for the first time into what can be regarded as predominantly the territory of the American airlines.

Anyone who has landed in a Comet in a foreign country knows what a wonderful ambassador this graceful-looking aeroplane is. This applies especially in the East, and even to-day, when it is no longer a novelty, the crowds in India and Pakistan still gather to watch it. At Manila, in the Philippines, the first arrival of a Comet was a tremendous occasion—thousands turned out at Nicholls Field to watch it come in, and as soon as the doors opened, Press men rushed up for the story.

The Philippines are no longer American: since 1946 they have been granted independence as a republic. Nicholls Field is, therefore, an international airport, although Pan-American Airlines are its main user. Conversations there on the normal business of a proving flight—air traffic controls, operating techniques, meteorological reports, radio and radar aids—were with Philippine officials. Time was limited to an overnight stop, for B.O.A.C. insists on a very tight schedule on proving flights, which occupy machine and personnel on a non-paying basis. However, it was long enough to provide the first example of friendliness, hospitality and co-operation that were received on all sides during the flight. Interest here among Americans and Filipinos alike was enthusiastic and full of admiration. It was impossible to display the plane to more than a few high-ranking officers and Philippine authorities, but there was hardly a moment when the Comet was not surrounded with people.

PASSING OVER ONE OF THE NEWLY-COMPLETED HOUSING ESTATES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MANILA: A view from the Comet before the airliner landed in the capital of the Philippines on its pioneer flight to Tokio. Americans and Filipinos alike were lost in admiration and wonderment at the new airliner, and at Nicholls Field the visiting airmen were given the most wholehearted co-operation by the Filipino officials.

It was at Okinawa on the following day that the first contact with American territory was made. Here, on this large, bleak island the airfield is a United States air base, with its own fighter squadrons parked near the runway, but catering for civil airlines as well. Anyone who expected any jealousy or decrying of the Comet simply because it was British and not American received a swift disillusionment here. The whole station turned out to watch the plane come along the capacious runway: American Service personnel, with cameras as standard equipment, surrounded the plane, taking pictures and proving that when Americans recognise a world-beater their admiration is ungrudging. Senior

THE MIGHTY BARRIER OF THE HIMALAYAS SEEN FROM A WINDOW OF THE COMET WHEN FLYING AT A HEIGHT OF EIGHT MILES EN ROUTE FROM DELHI TO CALCUTTA : The Himalayan peaks are 50 to 60 miles from the aircraft. The cloud resembles monsoon conditions. In such conditions Mr. Nehru, the Indian Premier, flew last week in a Comet from Delhi to the Himalayan approaches, the trip lasting ninety minutes.

officers did everything in their power to be helpful, and when the Comet took off on the next leg to Nagoya, in Japan, they provided a fighter escort to send it on its way. (In performance a Comet can match an early jet fighter, but it would hardly have been a match for one of these if it came to running away.)

All the interest so far was concentrated on the machine itself and there must have been few who realised the implications of the appearance of the Comet on its charting path to Tokio. While there seemed to be a general mistaken impression that G-ALYP was the only Comet in existence, the importance of its mission was apt to be overlooked. This was nothing less than carrying forward another stage—the pioneer work of mapping the future grand trunk routes for airlines round the world. For the jet passenger liner needs special treatment and, owing to the Comet's immense lead, this pioneer work has had to be carried out by B.O.A.C.

Next stop on the day's run which ended at Tokio was another American base at Nagoya. This was the first landing in Japan and the first encounter with the Japanese : the welcome was well staged by the Public Relations Officer attached to the American unit. Japanese girls offered flowers and a smiling Japanese mayor was led forward to exchange compliments and courtesies. In under an hour from taking-off, after a glimpse of Fujiyama pushing its peak through the cloud ceiling, the Comet was whistling down over Tokio.

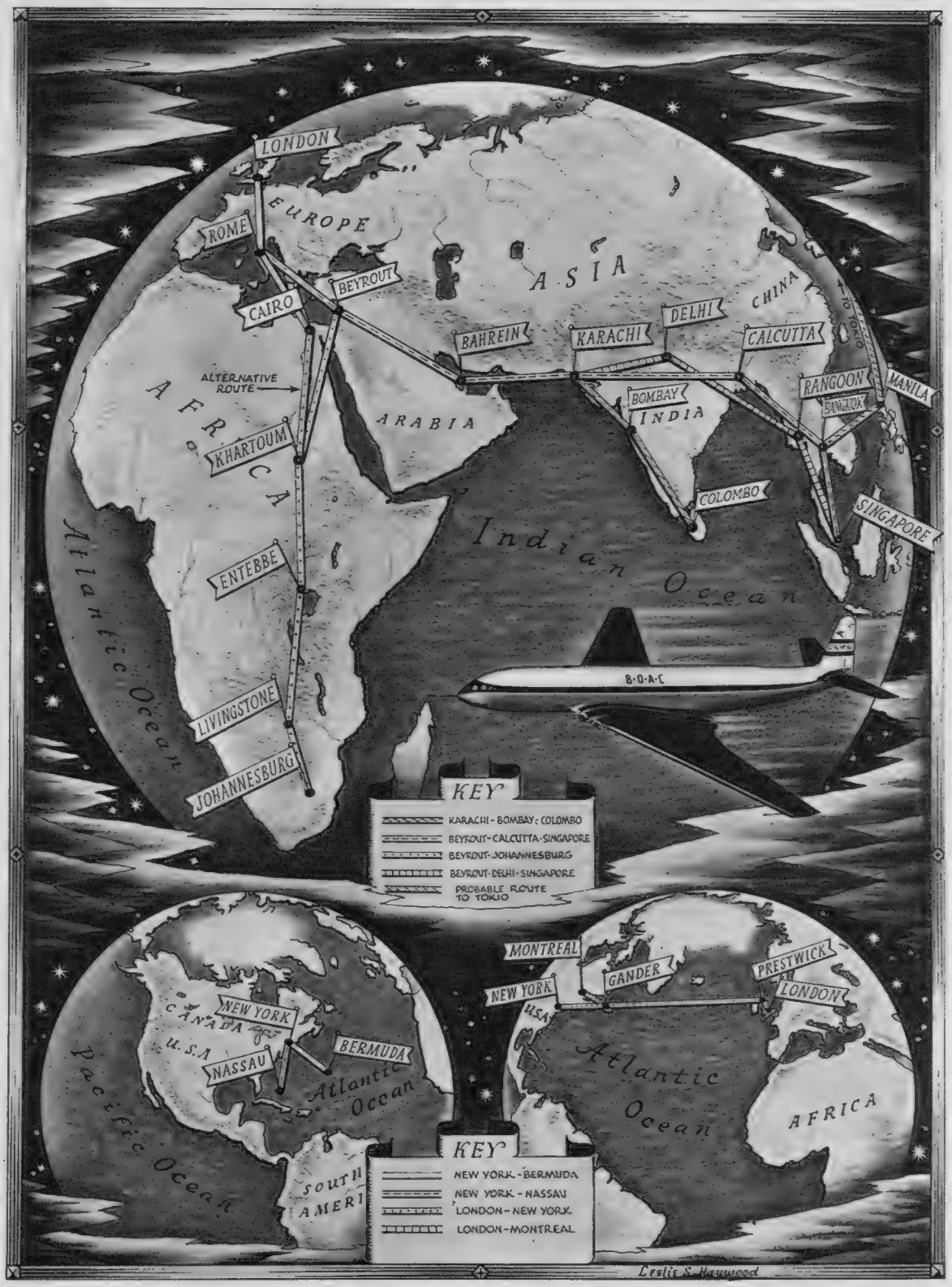
Here the reception was what one member of the party described as "simply terrific." It is not easy to get into any airport, so crowds are usually limited to people who happen to be there, personnel employed and those few others who have made a special journey out of sheer interest. For one reason or another, however, at least 4,000 people gathered at Tokio to await the Comet's arrival. There was the usual exchange of welcome courtesies and the usual appearance of geisha girls bearing flowers, Press, radio and officials.

The arrival coincided with the early transition stage between the control of Honeda, the Tokio airport, by the United States authorities of the Far East Air Force and the new Japanese civil organisation under a Director-General of Civil Aviation. The organisation was still predominantly military but, as may be imagined, the Japanese were eager to take over and assume control on their own behalf in matters connected with civil flying.

Tokio, like the other places en route, was enveloped in hot, steamy rain, but in spite of the weather there was a nearly constant queue of Japanese four-deep just to walk through the Comet, and it was estimated during the two days that nearly 12,000 people saw it. The newspapers were full of articles about the Comet, and the Japanese betrayed an intense technical interest in the performance of the plane, bombarding B.O.A.C. for photographs and information. Two Comets were actually placed on order during the time the machine was in Tokio—but there need be few fears of the Japanese ability as copyists. Apart from the delivery date being in the distant future, there is a great deal of technical knowledge involved which can only be acquired in the hard school of experience.

Perhaps the greatest compliment of all was simple and spontaneous. Both Japanese and Americans would run their hands along the side of the fuselage, stroking it as if it was a cat. This may seem fantastic, but experience proves that anyone who has anything to do

(Concluded on following page)



THE COMET BESTRIDES THE WORLD—SOME OF THE ROUTES THE AIRLINER IS NOW FLYING, OR WILL FLY IN THE FUTURE : This spring witnessed the first Comet flights to Johannesburg and back on the scheduled run, and at the beginning of August came the first scheduled flights to Ceylon. Within two or three years the long-range Avon Comet will be operating the B.O.A.C. services across the North Atlantic between Britain and the United States. In this special SPHERE sketch-map, Leslie S. Haywood shows some of these routes, in being and projected, across the shrinking globe.

GOING IN TO LAND AT RANGOON: The Comet, with flaps down, as she neared the airport. Below her stretch the paddy-fields of Rangoon Province. After leaving Calcutta en route to Tokio the Comet put down at several unfamiliar airports.

WITH THE COMET IN JAPAN: *Left*—Members of the American Army of Occupation admiring the sleek lines of the Comet, G-ALYP, after she had touched down at Nagoya. The visit to Nagoya was of some significance as this airport may be selected as the Japanese terminal for B.O.A.C. Far Eastern services in preference to Haneda Airport, Tokio. *Right*—Members of the crew of the Comet with the Japanese reception party at Tokio.

FLYING THE COMET ROUTE TO TOKIO

(*Concluded from previous page*)

with this remarkable aeroplane finds in himself a great love of it—certainly its lines are of a sheer beauty that makes an onlooker catch his breath.

On the inward journey back to London, after a day in Tokio, one remaining airfield remained to be visited. Clarke Field, another United States base, which might be used as an alternative to the civil airport at Manila. Clarke Field, although situated in the Philippines, was in the centre of some hundred square miles of American concession, and here again the whole station appeared and the hospitality was typically generous.

Of course, a journey by Comet provides such a quick transition and airports tend to be so like each other that impressions can be noticeably faulty. One member of the party made a wide generalisation on his return. He said: "Everyone we met was very kind, but with Americans and Japanese we met rows and rows of people with faces all alike. Everywhere we went the cost of living was extremely expensive and in every place it rained. There were only quite a few airports where you could go ten miles outside without meeting bandits."

This laconic personal summing-up does, to some extent, provide an apt comment on the reactions provided by a long journey in a Comet. The first thrill of travel in the upper atmosphere, with the whole of Europe spread beneath one, is intense. The new country through which you fly—a country of black shadows, pale-blue sky and a flat ceiling of dappled cloud—has a strange peace as, with engines almost idling, you seem to float through it. After the first day, however, the novelty disappears and the Comet becomes what it really was always meant to be—a first-class commercial aeroplane that provides greater speed and comfort than ever before. Its hops are comparatively short—1,385 miles from Rome to Beyrout is the longest—and, as these are rarely much longer than three hours there tends to be an impression of confused images en route.

In crossing as far as Bangkok on this trip the Comet was flying a route over which a large amount of experience had already been built up. B.O.A.C. pilots have known it for years and are familiar with airports and ground control. Nothing new from any of the previous Comet trips was encountered, but once again it was emphasised that the virtues of the Comet stand out far more vividly when it comes to travel through the heat and dust of the East.

At Eastern airports the contrast in fatigue between passengers who have been travelling by piston-engined aeroplanes and those who are lucky enough to travel by Comet is remarkable. The reason is obvious enough—the many hours in the air, the harmonic beat of the engines and the need to fly between 8,000 and 10,000 ft. to avoid the prevalent turbulence make travel in piston-engined aeroplanes fatiguing. By contrast the only uncomfortable moments in a Comet are those times of intense heat in the cabin before take-off, and even this will disappear soon when portable air-conditioning plant becomes general. As a passenger you look forward to the next time you will be in the air again, travelling with no vibration, with the general conditions of a pleasant June afternoon in England.

The Comet's normal cruising height is between 34,000 ft. and 40,000 ft.—which is about 7½ miles up. (Crossing India on this trip passengers looked down on Mount Everest from a distance of about 60 miles.) Travelling at this height the engines, which have relatively little power on the ground, are at their maximum efficiency, but the cabin must be pressurised. There are a number of uncomfortable facts about any pressurised aeroplane should the pressurisation fail—but in a Comet it simply cannot fail. Any one of the four engines can supply the pressurisation, the windows are tested far beyond the necessary strength and inspected rigorously as a routine at each stop, and the door cannot, physically, be opened in the air. That being so, there is no danger of being "exploded" or shot out into the upper atmosphere which might be your fate if one of the windows gave way. On the contrary, the general sensation is of complete stability, though in monsoon conditions there is occasionally slight bumping.

This new experience of the upper atmosphere in the tropics is another part of the pioneer work that B.O.A.C. is doing in charting out the new routes. Until now meteorological forecasting at those heights has relied on comparatively little data. With the advent of the Comet, however, westerly jet streams which bring the ground speed to over 550 m.p.h. in certain areas of the Mediterranean have been encountered, bringing the speculation whether all prevailing winds in the upper stratospheric envelope may not be in the same direction.

Over India during the monsoon it has come as a surprise that the Comet should be flying through cloud even at 40,000 ft. The cloud formations, viewed from the cabin window, assume fantastic formations of billowing cotton-wool and those tall, funnelling clouds like toadstools which the flying men avoid like the plague. New knowledge here makes it certain that this build-up of cloud during the monsoon goes up as high as ten miles.

On the Tokio flight the Comet was making no attempt to beat speed records or even to keep to a passenger service schedule. The object was to assess the difficulties and gain experience. How far was this successful? Of course, there were airports where runways fell short of the ideal length of 7,500 to 8,000 yards and where strength, siting and lighting were not up to standard. Ideally, to get the full benefit of the new, faster aeroplanes there should be uniform standards throughout the world at international airports, but the fact that these do not exist at the moment still make the route to Tokio easily capable of being flown by the Comet, with its low landing speed. Other difficulties, such as differences in procedure by ground control and the fact that hotel accommodation throughout the world is extremely crowded, are perennial.

The Comet's flight has proved that airport facilities on the Tokio route are at least adequate for a commercial jet service, and we can expect to see it in operation early next year.

THE TIP OF FUJIYAMA SEEN FROM THE COMET : The summit of the great mountain emerging from a sea of cloud above which the airliner cruises at nearly 500 m.p.h. Fujiyama rises to 12,390 ft., occupying a position of splendid isolation 60 miles south-west of Tokio.

On right—

CIRCLING THE CITY OF SAIGON BEFORE COMING IN TO LAND : Saigon is situated on the Saigon River 40 miles from the South China Sea. In 1940 the Japanese took possession of the airfield at Saigon, and they developed the port into a base for operations against China and the East Indies. It was there in 1945 that Field Marshal Terauchi surrendered in person to Admiral Mountbatten, the Supreme Commander.

WHERE THE PACIFIC OCEAN AND THE CHINA SEA MEET—THE COMET OFFERS A GLIMPSE OF THE SOUTHERNMOST TIP OF JAPAN AS SHE FLIES IN FROM MANILA ON THE LAST LEG OF HER PROVING FLIGHT TO TOKIO : It is hoped that the Comet's Japanese schedule will start during 1953, and if this comes to pass it will mean that a British airliner, jet equipped, is actively competing in an area which has hitherto been the preserve of American piston-engined aircraft.

THE PROTOTYPE OF THE BRISTOL BRITANNIA MAKES A MAIDEN FLIGHT OVER FILTON AERODROME, BRISTOL: This flight was an important event in aviation, for the 100-seat airscrew-turbine-powered airliner is to be one of the main types used by British Overseas Airways, operating with the two marks of de Havilland Comet to form the backbone of the B.O.A.C. fleet. B.O.A.C. has ordered twenty-five Britannias, the largest order it has placed for any type. The Corporation intends to use this airliner for high-density traffic on long-distance routes. It is expected to prove the most economical type of airliner yet produced in any country.

. . . AND NOW THE

BRISTOL BRITANNIA

THE SUCCESSFUL MAIDEN FLIGHT OF THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY'S NEW 100-SEAT AIRSCREW TURBINE AIRLINER

Fitted with Proteus turbo-props, the Britannia should be a notable addition to the B.O.A.C. service when she comes into operation in 1954, her task being to operate complementary services on the longer routes in relation to the Comet, which will bestride the continents at greater speeds. Perhaps the best analogy would be to liken the Britannia to a fast train to Bristol as compared with the Comet, which could be likened to the Cornish Riviera Express. The Britannia, with a larger capacity than the Comet and a slower speed, is capable of appearing in several versions with several different types of seating arrangement. A five-abreast 74-seat arrangement is foreseen as the luxury layout in this airliner. Fifty passengers could be accommodated for long-distance oceanic travel, or over 100 passengers could be carried on shorter stages.

Highly successful tests with the new Proteus III (700 series) propeller-turbine have proved it to be one of the cheapest-to-run aircraft engines in the world, and this is the engine which will power the Bristol Britannia fleet.

In extended runs on the Bristol test beds the power curve of the new engine has rocketed past the published figure of 3,320 h.p. to 4,100 h.p., with additional jet thrust of 920 lb. Extremely low fuel-consumption figures were recorded, while the temperature of the gases at the entry to the turbine was also remarkably low—a feature which promises long life for the Proteus in service over B.O.A.C.'s world air routes.

This performance supports the claim that the Britannia will probably be the most efficient commercial aircraft ever built. Its Proteus prop-jets will enable it to carry more passengers farther and more cheaply than any other aircraft in service. Its high cruising speed and high volumetric payload indeed give the aircraft a "revenue index" of 4,000 ton-miles per hour.

The Britannia prototype, which started its trials last week, being flown by Mr. A. J. Pegg, the Bristol Company's chief test pilot, with a crew of five, consisting of two flight engineers, two flight test observers, and an electrical engineer, owes much to the Brabazon I, which Bill Pegg also has piloted extensively. Experience gained in developing the Brabazon has been incorporated in the Britannia. The prototype of the Britannia will make its first public appearance at the Royal Aircraft Establishment's airfield at the Farnborough Show on September 1.

REVVING-UP: A head-on view of the Britannia, showing its four Proteus turbo-prop engines. The prototype has Proteus II engines. Despite its fine performance, the Bristol Company has not been fully satisfied with the power-weight ratio and fuel consumption of the Proteus II. This has led them to redesign the engine. The result is the Proteus III, which is to power the B.O.A.C. fleet of twenty-five Britannias.

THE BRISTOL BRITANNIA UNDERGOING TAXI-ING TRIALS AT FILTON: The preliminary taxi-ing runs before the maiden flight were most satisfactory—indeed, at only 50 knots during the final run the nose-wheel of the aircraft was seen to lift. The plane has exceptional take-off characteristics.

On right—
TECHNICIANS GATHER ROUND THE FIRST PROTOTYPE: The Britannia on the runway at Filton before the start of her flight trials last week.

THE LYNMOUTH FLOOD TRAGEDY AFTERMATH

The Minister of Housing and the Chief of the Imperial General Staff Visit the Stricken Resort

THE MINISTER OF HOUSING AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT MAKES A PERSONAL SURVEY OF THE DEVASTATED TOWN OF LYNMOUTH : Mr. Harold Macmillan (nearest camera, carrying stick and wearing cap) walking through the town during a tour lasting an hour-and-a-half, preceding consultations with local officials. Mr. Macmillan likened the damage to that on the road to Ypres in the 1914-18 War. After the tour, which gave great encouragement to those working in the town on relief measures, Mr. Macmillan reported to the Cabinet in London. On the day following came news of the Government's generous contribution of £25,000 to the relief fund.

THE MINISTER PAUSES OUTSIDE THE STRICKEN LYNDALE HOTEL : Mr. Harold Macmillan with Councillor Mrs. Dorothy Slater, chairman of Lynton and Lynmouth Urban District Council, as they took cups of tea served at a W.V.S. mobile canteen. It was at the Lyndale Hotel that the floods rose to a height of 18 ft. above normal.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT VISITOR TO WRECKED LYNMOUTH : Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, talking with Major-General Firbank, G.O.C. South-Western District, during his visit.

CROSSING A MAKESHIFT BRIDGE FROM THE LYNDALE HOTEL : Mr. Harold Macmillan at the focal-point of the flood disaster. On the right can be seen the torrent of the West Lyn on its new course, which takes it through a gap between two hotels.

VOLUNTARY WORKERS BEING FED ON THE BRIDGE AT LYNMOUTH : Receiving sandwiches and tea at a spot where a few days before a raging torrent had swept down the Devon valley. In the background is the Granville Private Hotel, in an upper room of which twelve people were huddled during Lynmouth's night of terror.

FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM WALKING THROUGH THE SHATTERED STREETS : Sir William is seen with Major-General Firbank (left), the G.O.C. South-Western District. General Firbank is in charge of military assistance at the scene of the disaster. Sir William flew in from Pembroke, where he was attending tank-training exercises, to see if in any way the War Office could carry out additional measures on behalf of the stricken townspeople. One of the Army's tasks has been to build temporary bridges.

LYNMOUTH RELIEF MEASURES

THE ARMY, THE POLICE, THE W.V.S., AND OTHER ORGANISATIONS GO INTO ACTION

Just as the people of stricken Lynmouth had no idea of the true nature of the tragedy which was being enacted in the darkness of the night of August 15, when all around them they heard the roaring of the waters and the pounding against their house foundations of the great boulders, borne amid the torrent, which swept down the hillside, so had the public at large no full understanding on the morning after the tragedy just what the Lynmouth disaster amounted to in terms of devastation and personal loss. The onrush had been too swift for full realisation to be possible.

Gradually, however, it became apparent that this part of Devon was the scene of a national disaster. The visit of Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Minister of Housing and Local Government, who, in awed tones, likened the Lynmouth scene to the Ypres road in the days of the First World War, and the prompt appearance of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff in the wake of the troops he sent in, both emphasised the extent of the disaster and when the world fully understood what had happened the response was both prompt and generous. From all parts of the world came expressions of sympathy, and from the towns and cities of England poured in contributions to the North Devon and West Somerset appeal fund launched by the Lords Lieutenant of the two counties concerned. From the British Government came an immediate payment of £25,000. From the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh there was the gift of an unnamed amount, described by the fund organisers as a "very generous donation"; from President Auriol there was a personal cheque for £100; from the people of Singapore there was £1,000. Within a week of the fund being opened, it had reached the magnificent total of £136,000. Generosity did not end there; the Cabinet, on hearing Mr. Macmillan's personal report, decided to offer substantial help to the local authorities in the task of reconstruction. This help would be forthcoming, it was intimated, through the normal method of Exchequer grants in aid of public works, but at the same time it was made known that some of these grants would amount to as much as 100 per cent. of the sum required. This aid might be particularly marked in the matter of restoring communications and services. Whatever happened, the feeling was that the local authorities must not be crippled for years to come by reason of the North Devon flood

A BULLDOZER SCOOPS AWAY THE RUBBLE IN THE DEVASTATED TOWN: In addition to bulldozers, armoured tractors, weighing 12 to 14 tons, and other heavy equipment were moved into Lynmouth from places as far away as Salisbury. Some of the equipment which converged on Lynmouth was capable of only 4 m.p.h.

WORKING AT THE RED CROSS DEPOT IN LEWISHAM, SOUTH LONDON: Red Cross workers packing kettles, saucepans, pillows, scrubbing-brushes and other household equipment which was rushed to Lynmouth by lorry in order to meet the immediate needs of the stricken inhabitants, many of whom had lost their all.

FIREMEN CROSSING THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE ACROSS THE WEST LYN: They are carrying pails, brushes, mops and other equipment to flooded homes which it was hoped to render habitable. In the background can be seen a great pile of rubble, part of the vast tonnage which will have to be moved in the next few weeks. This rubble was swept into the town when the Lyn changed its course.

disaster; that a measure of the burden rested upon the whole nation.

No less generous was the attitude of the insurance companies. Leading companies decided to ignore the fact that comprehensive policies on buildings in Lynmouth and district exclude flood damage. They decided to pay all claims in full.

While relief measures on behalf of the homeless have been pushed ahead with all speed, and the W.V.S., the Red Cross and other organisations have played a notable part in re-equipping the dispossessed, the work of clearing devastated Lynmouth of its debris has proceeded steadily. The chief task is that of preparing the old bed of the West Lyn for the return of the waters which deserted it at the height of the floods, waters which now flow through the streets and join the East Lyn through the boulder-strewn gap between the Lyndale and the Granville Hotels.

The tragedy of Lynmouth's fateful night will long be remembered, but remembered, also, will be the response that that tragedy evoked in the hearts of men and women.

SALLY OXENHAM SLEEPS WITH HER PARENTS IN JUBILEE HALL, LYNTON: Watching over the family was the dog Minstrel. They were evacuated just in time from a caravan site in Lynmouth—a site now littered with great boulders.

RECONSTRUCTION BEGINS IN THE VILLAGE OF BARBROOK MILL, WHERE THE FIRST INDICATION OF HEAVY FLOODING LED TO A LOCAL POLICE WARNING: Barbrook Mill lies on the West Lyn and it was there that four cottages were swept away as the river came down in spate. In the foreground is a temporary bridge put up since the flooding, and in the distance men are engaged in rebuilding the stone bridge which was swept away. The lower rooms of the cottage on the right were flooded.

AT WORK IN THE W.V.S. CLOTHING DEPOT AT EATON SQUARE, LONDON: Sorting out clothing for despatch to the victims of the North Devon floods. Blankets, mattresses, suits of clothes, boots and shoes, jumpers and children's woollies were among the items.

THE BODY OF A WOMAN IS BROUGHT INTO LYNMOUTH AFTER BEING RECOVERED FROM THE BEACH: *Left*—When this picture was taken the police and stretcher-bearers were passing the inspection party in which Mr. Macmillan was making his tour of the town. *Right*—The stretcher-bearers after crossing the Lyn footbridge. In front walked a police officer with a "walkie-talkie" equipment strapped to his back. The recovery of the bodies of victims of the disaster continued for several days.

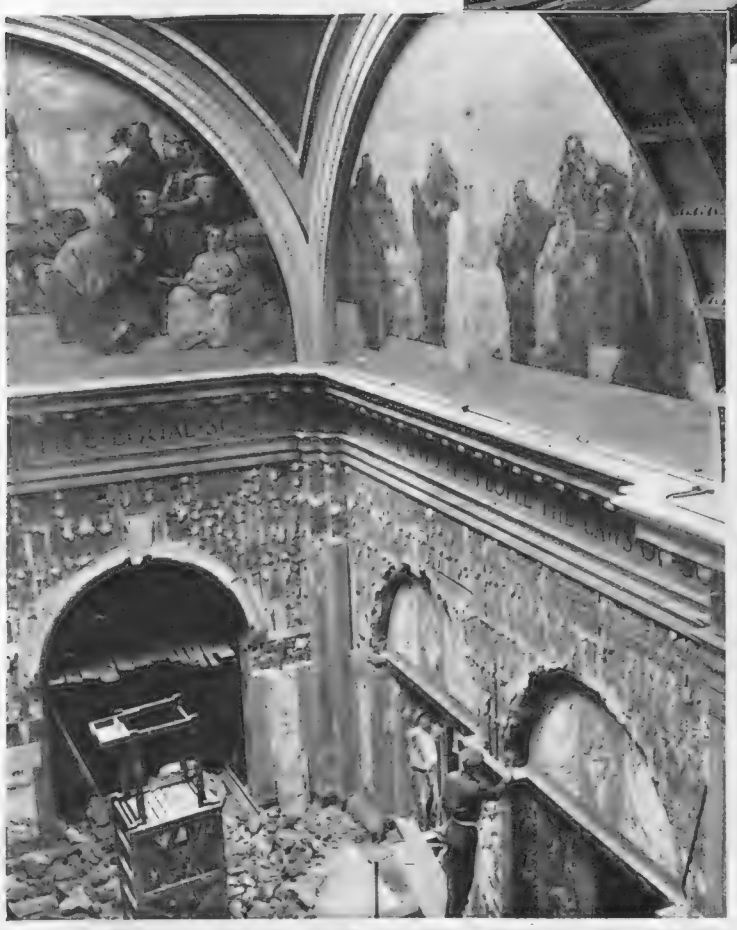
RESTORING THE "OLD BAILEY"

The Bomb-damaged Central Criminal Court Receives its First Large-scale Improvements Since it was Built in 1905

AN ARTIST AT WORK ON ONE OF THE FOUR SYMBOLIC FIGURES OF THE DOME AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT: Mr. Malcolm Hughes puts finishing touches to the figure depicting "Labour." Other figures depict "Truth," "Learning" and "Art."

For the first time since its opening more than forty years ago the Central Criminal Court, more popularly known as the "Old Bailey" (the building itself stands on the corner of the thoroughfare of that name) is now undergoing an extensive programme of restoration. This task of restoration has been made all the more necessary in view of the severe damage inflicted on the Great Hall during the bombing of London. The repainting of the bomb-damaged mural decorations has been entrusted to Mr. Gerald Moira, aged eighty-five, one of the two artists who worked on the original mural panels at the turn of the century. No. 2 Court, the Recorder's Court, which is a slightly smaller replica of the famous No. 1 Court, and which was demolished in 1941, has been rebuilt and will be opened for use in September. A new Court—No. 5 Court—has been added on the ground floor to give the Old Bailey the workings of five courts for the first time. The Central Criminal Court is the chief criminal court for London, Middlesex, and parts of Surrey, Kent and Essex, and the building stands on the site of the old Newgate Prison.

IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, WHICH STANDS AT THE N.E. CORNER OF OLD BAILEY, LONDON, E.C., AND WHICH OCCUPIES THE POSITION OF THE OLD NEWGATE PRISON: The Great Hall was seriously damaged in 1941 and, until the present restoration work, was only temporarily repaired. The work of restoration is being carried out by the Corporation of London, under the direction of the City Surveyor.



WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE SOUTH TRANSEPT, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE (BOTTOM RIGHT) TO THE COURT OFFICES: Much work has had to be undertaken, and parts of the walls have had to be refaced.

COMMEMORATING THE PART PLAYED BY THE CITY CIVIL DEFENCE FORCES DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR: Kenneth Rowntree (left) and Malcolm Hughes at work on the commemorative mural which is situated above the Great Hall. In the background of the mural is a scene portraying the Central Criminal Court shortly after it had been hit by bombs.

THE STERN HALF OF THE AMERICAN LIBERTY SHIP "WESTERN FARMER" BEING TOWED BY TUGS ABOUT FIVE MILES OFF CALAIS, AFTER SHE HAD BROKEN IN HALF SOUTH OF THE GOODWINS: The *Western Farmer*, 7,239 tons, had collided with the Norwegian tanker *Bjorgholm*, of 11,732 tons, and the forward part of the vessel sank eighteen miles off Ramsgate. On the afterpart of the *Western Farmer* was the entire crew. The Dover and Ramsgate lifeboats both arrived on the scene of the disaster, and together they brought the captain and the entire crew to safety. The Dover lifeboat picked up thirteen men, and the Ramsgate lifeboat picked up twenty-four. Huge seas were running at the time of the collision, and the crew of the *Western Farmer* battled for eight hours in the darkness before abandoning the stern half of the stricken ship.

WRECKED NEAR THE GOODWINS

An American Liberty Ship, the "Western Farmer," Breaks Up by the Dreaded Sands

THE STERN HALF OF THE "WESTERN FARMER" WALLOWING IN THE CHANNEL: The vessel heavily down by the stern after she had been abandoned by her crew. At this stage enormous quantities of water had entered her holds and the attendant tugs were having a tremendous task in making any headway.

AFTER THE COLLISION SOUTH OF THE DREADED GOODWIN SANDS: *Left*—The Norwegian tanker *Bjorgholm* backing away from the *Western Farmer* after the collision. There was a gaping hole in the bows of the Norwegian vessel, while the American vessel was so badly holed amidships that she broke in two. One of the first vessels on the scene was the Admiralty salvage ship *Uplifter*. *Right*—THE BOWS OF THE ILL-FATED LIBERTY SHIP "WESTERN FARMER" ABOUT TO DISAPPEAR BENEATH THE WATERS OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: This was the final plunge on the morning after the collision. By this time the sea had become almost calm.

THE BATTLE AGAINST OIL POLLUTION

And the Struggle to Keep Britain's Rivers and Waterways Clean and Free from Noxious Matter

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

A GOOD deal of publicity has recently been given by the daily Press to the pollution of our coastal waters and our beaches by oil. The oiling of sea-birds—and a bird with its plumage coated with oil, facing almost inevitably a slow death from starvation, is one of the most pathetic sights in the world—has been a matter of much concern to ornithologists for many years, but the general public has not, it must be confessed, taken very much notice of this aspect of the menace. However, when pleasure beaches become polluted it is quite another matter. I seem to remember that it was Brighton beach which was particularly affected this year. (And if it was not Brighton it does not matter, for the sludge comes ashore somewhere and contaminates whatever it touches.) Wherever it may have been, local and visiting beauties hesitated to adopt their usual prone but graceful poses in light summer frocks, or even in bathing-dresses (if so dignified a word may rightly be applied to these modern slivers) because of the black sludge on the beach. And that, as every man will readily agree, is a very serious matter for a seaside resort.

It is good to know that the problem of oil pollution at sea has again been raised in the House. But this is not a problem easy of solution. There seems to be little doubt that oiling could be prevented by the installation of separators in all merchant ships, and that would save the lives of thousands of sea-birds and would also allow the sun-bathing belle greater freedom in the selection of sites. But that is a matter for international action. And it takes a long time to get international agreement about anything in these days.

In the meanwhile, there is the pollution of our fresh-waters, of our rivers and streams. This, too, has been going on for many years; for very much longer than the pollution of the sea. It is, in fact, a direct result of the Industrial Revolution. Nowadays nobody thinks of the lower reaches of the Thames as a fishing river. You have only to lean over Blackfriars Bridge to understand why. But few people realise how rapid was the decline of the Thames. In 1820 so many salmon were caught at London Bridge and in Chelsea Reach that they were hawked round the streets at 3d. a lb. In 1830, in a mere matter of ten years, there was not a salmon in the Thames. Very much the same story could be told of all sorts of rivers up and down the country. If you read Augustus Grimble's *Salmon Rivers of England and Wales*, which was published in 1904, and compare the rivers he writes about with the same rivers to-day, you cannot but get a vivid picture of the decline and decay that has taken place. In 1904 there were men who foresaw what was going to happen. Writing of the Tyne, Grimble mentions the report of the Board of Conservators: "The Conservators again directed the attention of the authorities to the increasing pollution of the river from collieries, lead mines, dye works, paper mills, tan yards, alkali and other chemical works and town sewage; they represented that the powers conferred on them were wholly inadequate to prevent these evils, and they feared that the Tyne might eventually become as salmonless as some other rivers solely by poisonous pollutions." The Conservators were speaking of a river already sharply in decline. No doubt, in 1904, they were thought of as a set of scaremongers busily engaged in spreading alarm and despondency. But they knew what they were talking about. In 1872 Tyne nets alone caught more than 129,000 salmon: in addition, in that year 162 licences to fish were issued, and there is no record that these 162 gentlemen complained about their sport. It must indeed have been pretty good, for salmon poaching was rife on the Tyne in those days. In 1949, in the same river, only five salmon were caught by anglers. And it is not only a matter of Thames and Tyne.

For that matter, river pollution does not affect only anglers. It affects everybody, for health is often endangered as a consequence of pollution. Yet I think comparatively few people realise that our rivers are being polluted to such an extent that in many of them all life is being exterminated. It is true that the publicity given to the recent "Derby" case has made many people aware that something is grievously wrong, but there can be no doubt that the vast majority of ordinary people think that river pollution affects only the fish and the 2,000,000 anglers in Britain and nobody else. I suppose that this is inevitable, since it is chiefly the anglers who fight against pollution, but it is a pity, all the same.

It was not always so. As long ago as 1875 a Public Health Act was passed to deal with pollution from sewage works and gasworks. This Act was not prompted by anglers, but by fears for the health of the public. And the same was true of the Rivers Pollution Prevention Act of 1876. This made it an offence to discharge noxious matter into a stream, and gave Local Authorities power to take criminal proceedings against the polluters. But the Minister of Health was the only person who could decide what constituted a pollution. Moreover, before legal proceedings could be started, he had to be satisfied that the means of rendering the effluent harmless were practicable and also that they would not inflict material injury on the industry concerned. Needless to say, this Act proved quite ineffective. In one way, indeed, it proved positively harmful, for it discouraged research into methods of purification. So long as the offender could show that he was using the best known method available at a cost that would not injure his business, he was safe enough.

So Act followed Act until in 1937 came the Public Health (Drainage of Trade Premises) Act. This well-intentioned measure entitled industries to discharge their effluents into the sewers, subject to certain safeguards, and put the onus of purifying them on to the Local Authorities. What this has meant is that most of the effluents still being poured daily in enormous quantities into our rivers are finding their way there just because they are too foul for the sewers!

But this Act did one good thing. It was not long before it aroused a lot of feeling, among anglers particularly. The war prevented any action being taken, however. In 1949 came the River Boards Act, a co-ordinating measure which concentrates the administration of all the statutory powers over rivers into the hands of a single authority for each river. And this was followed last year by the Rivers (Prevention of Pollution) Act. There seems to be a marked division of opinion about the merits of this latest piece of legislation. Like all previous measures concerning rivers, it appears to be hedged about with restrictions and exceptions, but it must still be considered a step forward.

THE POLLUTION OF BRITAIN'S BEACHES: This picture shows lumps of black, crude oil washed up on the beach at Rhossili, in South Wales, at high-water mark. Many beaches in Cornwall and Devon are reported to be in a far worse condition than this. A special committee of the United Nations is to be set up to consider what steps can be taken against oil pollution.

On right—

OIL-DRENCHED SWANS ARE TAKEN FROM THE THAMES: These swans were only two of many which last year had to be taken from the river after a ship had discharged bilge oil (contrary to regulations) in the Pool of London.

In the meanwhile, however, very largely as a result of the 1937 Act and its absurd consequences, anglers had been active. Immediately after the war the British Field Sports Society commenced a survey of our polluted streams, sending the late Harvey Turing, a great fisherman and a great authority on all matters connected with fishing, on a nation-wide tour of inspection and inquiry, and publishing his findings in four most interesting and revealing booklets. No praise can be too high for this action, for there can be no doubt that post-war legislation was greatly influenced by this inquiry. The British Field Sports Society comes under very heavy, but ill-informed, fire from all sorts of bodies who disapprove of sport in any shape or form. For this action they deserve the thanks of all Englishmen, no matter what their views on sport may be.

It was this inquiry that really started a movement that has steadily gathered impetus ever since. For it showed anglers of all sorts and conditions what was happening throughout the country. Fishermen, on the whole a silent breed, began to talk. Even so, nothing very much would have happened had not a leader arisen. This was the late John Eastwood, K.C., a great lawyer and a very compleat angler. It was Eastwood who realised that every Act dealing with pollution was, in fact, a penal Act, making offences punishable in the criminal courts. There is no Act dealing with the civil rights of an injured person, because civil rights are part of the Common Law of the land.

The Common Law protects the right of the individual to a pure river and the unimpeded passage of fish up and down the river. Thus any act done without lawful justification which interferes with the exercise or enjoyment of the owner or occupier of a fishery to take fish from a stream would be an actionable wrong. Quite apart from fisheries, however, there is the right of a riparian owner or occupier of land abutting on a stream: the positive right to receive the water of the stream in a pure state. That is to say, the riparian owner has the right to have the water passing his property in its natural state, unaltered in quality or temperature or volume. This means that any alteration of the natural quality of the water, rendering it less fit for any purpose for which it is capable of being used in its natural state, amounts to pollution. River water is not pure H_2O It is not dead mineral matter. It is a living thing, and any alterations in the amounts or proportions of the chemicals in it may well alter the quality.

It is one thing to have these rights: quite another to enforce them. Litigation is a very expensive business, and there are few private individuals who could afford to take proceedings against a wealthy combine.

So Eastwood set about forming the Anglers' Co-operative Association. He started alone. He did the spade work himself. It was due to his genius and organising ability and personal drive that there is to-day an Association with a very low annual subscription actively protecting our rivers.

The recent "Derby" case, which concerned pollution in the River Derwent, has brought the A.C.A. very prominently into the public eye. But there have been many other cases. But not, I am told, nearly as many as some of the reports in the Press following the judgment in the "Derby" case would lead one to believe. I quote from the most recent issue of the *A.C.A. Quarterly Review*: "We have had 192 cases of pollution or anticipated pollution referred to us. In most of these, we are thankful to say, the member has wanted nothing but advice. . . . We have been asked to take action in only about 35 cases. . . . In 8 cases we found that while pollution had occurred, no action could be taken, because the member had no legal right to complain and his landlord would not co-operate; in most cases the landlord was the Docks and Inland Waterways Executive. In 4 cases we came to the conclusion that the member's claim was bogus or completely trivial. Fifteen cases have been settled without legal action; 8 of continuous pollutions which have been stopped, and 7 of non-recurring pollution in which compensation has been paid to the injured party. Writs have been issued in 22 actions against 25 defendants: 13 of these defendants threw their hands in almost as soon as the writ was issued; 6 submitted to judgment in later stages before trial, and only 6 actually let the matter come into Court." In view of this record it is really astonishing that there are still anglers with fishable waters who will not join the A.C.A.

Little more than 100 years ago river pollution was virtually unknown in this country. During the last 100 years it has become more and more widespread. The evil has long been realised, and no fewer than sixteen enactments have been put through the House with a view to suppressing it.

One of the worst offenders in this matter of pollution is the National Coal Board. There is a river in the North of England, the Skerne, which is polluted from source to outlet principally through discharges from coal-mines. This river has been black and lifeless for years now, and fish have been driven out of a considerable length of the Tees itself. It is only fair to add that the N.C.B. is itself a mere infant. Curiously enough, the Ministry responsible for the application of the Rivers (Prevention of Pollution) Act is itself sometimes at fault. According to a report in the *Stafford News Letter*, the Ministry of Housing and Local Government has refused to sanction the new sewage works that are necessary to prevent the pollution of the River Sowe.

But though there is still so much to be done (and so much that is past all hope of repair), the formation of the A.C.A., due to John Eastwood's genius, has put matters on quite another footing. No longer need the angler feel impotent. There is now a body with the power to wield the weapon that the law has given him. Yet, in a way, it is unfortunate that there should have to be so much stress on the fishery aspect of the evil. For river pollution affects everybody. It is not anglers alone who should belong to the A.C.A., and it is not anglers alone who should be aware of the Association and its reason for being.

Anglers often complain about their representation on the River Boards, on which they are outnumbered by four to one. Personally, I think that this is a very good thing. It would be fatal if it ever came to be thought that the River Boards existed solely for the benefit of fishermen. And it offers to each of these representatives a marvellous opportunity for education in just one of the places where it is most needed.

NEW PRODUCTIONS

of STAGE, FILM and OPERA

Charles Morgan's *The River Line;* Raymond Massey's *The Hanging Judge;* Ballet in a Film; A New Strauss Opera at the Salzburg Festival

CHARLES MORGAN'S NEW PLAY AT EDINBURGH: Pamela Brown and Paul Scofield in *The River Line*, which was first played at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, during the first week of the Festival, and is now in Manchester. It goes to the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, next Tuesday. Three years ago, Charles Morgan published his latest novel, *The River Line*, a story concerning prisoners of war escaping along an underground route through occupied France. The distinguished novelist, who was dramatic critic of *The Times* from 1926 to 1939, has freely adapted the book for his new play. *The River Line* is Morgan's second play; his first, *The Flashing Stream*, ran for six months at the Lyric Theatre in 1938-39, and throughout 1945 in Paris. *The River Line* presents the problem of an American officer who learns that he has been responsible for the death of an innocent man whom he had every reason to believe was an enemy agent. After the war he meets, and falls in love with, the sister of the victim of his justifiable suspicions. The play has been highly praised for the quality of the prose and craftsmanship.

ACTOR-AUTHOR AND LEADING PLAYER: Raymond Massey and Sir Godfrey Tearle discuss Massey's play, *The Hanging Judge*, during a rehearsal before the Manchester premiere last Monday. Raymond Massey, who was born in Canada and who became an American citizen in 1944, made a distinguished career for himself on the London stage after serving in the First World War. He again joined the Canadian Army in the last war, but was invalided out in 1943. He began his film career in 1930 and has starred in many important films. Now, at the age of fifty-five, he has written his first play. *The Hanging Judge* is based on a novel of the same title by Bruce Hamilton. Michael Powell is presenting and producing the melodrama, due in London next month, in which Sir Godfrey Tearle plays the leading part of Mr. Justice Brittain, the judge who is impervious to the humanitarian side of his cases.

A NEW STRAUSS OPERA AT SALZBURG: Annelies Kupper as Danæ and Josef Gostic as Midas, singing at the Festspielhaus in the first production of Strauss's penultimate opera, *Die Liebe der Danæ*.

On left—

"DIE LIEBE DER DANÆ" AT SALZBURG FESTIVAL: The theme for the last to be produced of Richard Strauss's operas (although the last but one he composed) was first suggested to him by Hofmannsthal over thirty years ago. The libretto was written by Joseph Grigor. Production began in 1944 and got as far as dress rehearsal, but war conditions prevented production and Strauss did not give permission for another. The first public performance at Salzburg was a success. The story is the classical legend of Jupiter visiting Danæ in the form of a shower of gold and of the final rejection for Midas.

FILMING AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL: Phyllis de Grey, a principal of the Festival Ballet, instructs Gene Tierney in the ballet scene of a new M.-G.-M. film, *Never Let Me Go*. Miss Tierney takes the part of Zobeide in *Scheherezade*, which will be danced by the Festival Ballet Company. *Never Let Me Go* is based on the novel, *Two If By Sea*, a story about Russian war brides. Much of the incident takes place in Tallinn, in Esthonia. Clark Gable, Bernard Miles and Anton Dolin are also in the cast. The great size of the stage in the Royal Festival Hall made it suitable for filming. The proscenium (110 ft. wide and 50 ft. high) is the largest in England. In converting it for this year's ballet season, considerable structural alterations were made, involving the use of 14,000 ft. of tubular steel.

RICHARD STRAUSS WITH THE STAGE DESIGNER FOR HIS GRANDFATHER'S OPERA: Emil Preetorius's decor was highly praised, as was the production of Rudolf Hartmann. *Die Liebe der Danæ* was the climax of this year's Festival.

Europe's New City
MADURODAM

The Lilliputian Wonder-city of the Netherlands Commemorates a Resistance Hero

Between The Hague and the seaside resort of Scheveningen, only a mile or two from the North Sea coast, lies Madurodam, one of the most remarkable towns in the world. In many respects it resembles any other large Dutch town: it has a harbour full of shipping, windmills with whirling sails, busy railways and trams, motor highways with lots of traffic, crowded streets, old patrician mansions lining quiet canals, huge modern buildings and ancient castles. There are hot-houses in the typical flat Dutch countryside, the sound of a carillon ringing over the roofs, new residential quarters, art galleries full of old masters, and an up-to-date airport where K.L.M. airliners stand waiting for permission from the control tower to take off.

There is nothing very remarkable about all that. The town is unique because, for all its great activity and architectural beauty, it has no inhabitants. The cockpits of the aircraft are empty; there is no one on the bridge of the ocean liner. Nothing is sold in the shops; the churches, schools and cinemas are vacant and there are no fishermen to haul in the nets. Indeed, the only people in the streets are visitors, and the roofs of the houses barely reach to their knees. For Madurodam is a miniature town, a toy town, where everything is reproduced with astonishing accuracy one-twenty-fifth of normal size.

Madurodam was named in memory of George Maduro, a Leyden University student who showed conspicuous bravery when Holland was invaded in 1940 and who later died in Dachau concentration camp.

Extending over an area of 18,000 square yards just across the road from one of Holland's largest office buildings, the head office of K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines, this fairy-tale city has been newly opened after two years of hard work. Fifty thousand people visited it during the first three weeks.

Besides radio-controlled ships, there is a lift bridge which anyone can operate, while electric trains run along a track laid out amid hills and valleys, across bridges, through tunnels and past a picturesque village, in addition to oilfields where drilling is continually in progress. The trains stop for a moment at one of the modern railway stations near the large church, in the tower of which there is a clock that not only tells the time but also shows the day, the month and also the signs of the Zodiac. The level of the water in the *polder*, the land below sea-level, where miniature cows stand dreamily gazing at the landscape, is controlled by a pumping station with a sluice-gate.

In the evening, when darkness is falling, the lights are switched on and then it is truly a fairyland. From the stained-glass windows of the churches, from every window of the old-world houses, the modern flats, the shop windows, the trains, the roads, the aircraft and the runways, light gleams from thousands of bulbs. Neon lamps illuminate the highways, the airport beacon keeps repeating the letters M A . . . M A . . . M A (Madurodam Airport) in green light.

The miniature city has a real Burgomaster, none other than fourteen-year-old Crown Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands, who takes her duties very seriously. She is assisted by the Deputy Burgomaster, Aldermen and City Council, all of whom are Dutch schoolchildren.

The cost of building Madurodam was borne by Dutch business firms, large and small. The tiny city has been built to last for at least half a century and many thousands of tourists have already visited it. The entire profits go to the Netherlands Students' Sanatorium.

PART OF THE DUTCH MODEL CITY OF MADURODAM, LYING BETWEEN THE HAGUE AND SEASIDE RESORT OF SCHEVENINGEN: Madurodam gives a picture of the development of a typical Dutch town since the Middle Ages. Ancient manors and castles, aerodromes and modern dockyards are all represented in miniature.

VISITORS INSPECTING THE TINY HOUSES OF MADURODAM: In the foreground, beside the canal, are stately old patrician mansions, exact replicas of actual houses in Amsterdam.

THE FINE DUAL CARRIAGEWAY OF THE MINIATURE TOWN: Tiny cars, vans and lorries race along the highway, and the petrol station, seen on the extreme left, is kept very busy.

THE BRILLIANT SCENE AT THE DOCKS OF MADURODAM AT NIGHT: A brightly-lit model of the *Willem Ruys*, flagship of the Royal Rotterdam Lloyd Line, is seen passing the oil-storage tanks at the entrance to the harbour. Behind the docks lies the aerodrome, with model K.L.M. aircraft waiting to take off.

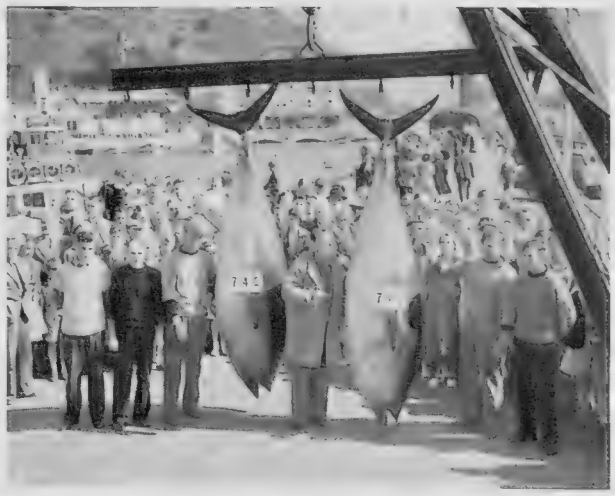
HOLIDAY-MAKERS PREPARE FOR A REGATTA IN THE SMALL BAY AT BEER, SOUTH DEVON: Many of those spending the day down on the beach helped to launch yachts for the races in the bay, situated just west of Seaton. Beer is renowned for its picturesque bay, and visitors staying at various holiday resorts along the South Devon coast at Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton, and Exmouth often make the trip to the town. Motorists entering Beer do so by way of a steep road leading off the main road. In the neighbourhood are the disused quarries of Beer stone.

AUGUST DAYS BY THE SEA AND IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

Beer Regatta; Scarborough Tunny-fishing; The Cruise of the "Centurion"

S.P.G.'S "SHIP WITH A MISSION" AT SCARBOROUGH—THE "CENTURION" VISITS THE YORKSHIRE SEASIDE TOWN: Thousands of holiday-makers watched the half-scale replica of the eighteenth-century sailing-ship as she entered the harbour and made fast at Vincent Pier during a tour of Britain's seaside towns. The 70-ft.-long ship is the replica of the original *Centurion* in which the first missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sailed for the American colonies in 1702. She was built on the hull of a wartime fishing vessel and came into service last year on the occasion of the Society's 250th anniversary. The *Centurion's* mission is to tell the story of what the Church has done, and is doing, and to interest the public in the missionary work of the S.P.G. The flags of thirty-eight nations which adorn the ship represent the countries in which the Society has worked.

On right—
THE TUNNY SEASON OPENS OFF SCARBOROUGH: Mr. H. E. Weatherley, of Teddington, Middlesex, a past president of the British Tunny Club, stands between the first two tunny of the season which he landed off the Yorkshire coast earlier this month. Mr. Weatherley caught them from the keel-boat *Courage* some 70 to 80 miles north-east-by-north of Scarborough. The fish on the right weighed 747 lb. and the other 742 lb. Standing with Mr. Weatherley, who took about an hour-and-a-half to land each fish, are members of the *Courage's* crew. Since the opening of the season Mr. Weatherley has been out fishing with Mr. Saville Cohen, the president of the Tunny Club, and the two men have landed several big fish.



On right—
"MUCH ADO" IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN: A scene from the Steep Shakespeare Players' presentation of *Much Ado About Nothing* in the garden of Lord Horder's house, Ashford Chace, in Hampshire. The play was produced by Geoffrey Crump, Drama Director at the Royal Academy of Music, and the company was composed mainly of students and amateurs, with a few professional actors. Plays were produced in the little open-air theatre in the garden of Lord Horder's house every summer from 1923 until the beginning of the war. *Much Ado About Nothing* is the first of a new series.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

WESTWARD TO THE CARIBBEAN SEA

Across the Broad Atlantic to the Lands of Sunshine, Where Whole Islands are Holiday Resorts

EVEN the most staid stay-at-home must sometimes have the craving, like one of the famous Spanish Conquistadores, to journey across the vast Atlantic Ocean in search of the colourful lands of romance in the central and southern parts of the New World. The very place-names are themselves a temptation: Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jamaica; Trinidad, Tobago, Barbados; Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso . . . what true Briton, indeed, with salt sea blood in his veins can resist such a call? And the answer to this exciting appeal is to be found in a considerable choice of voyages, by air and by sea, which can bear you, in first-class comfort, to adventure, which, to-day, is just around the corner.

It is, alas! true, that South America and those islands in the Caribbean Sea which are under a foreign flag, are generally out-of-currency-bounds to the British tourist, except for those who go on a round cruise; but there still remains a wide and wonderful variety of tropical and semi-tropical lands, our colonial possessions, where you can laze and linger at will, to your heart's content. I should, however, warn newcomers to take with a certain amount of salt the claims made by some of these islands in their highly-coloured publicity brochures regarding their merits, for this high-pressure propaganda is largely designed to attract the dollar-earning American visitor. And in these financially-favoured spots, living costs are not low. For those in search of holidays at reasonable cost, it is best to seek the less-fashionable places.

Bermuda and the Bahamas, both favourably situated to attract visitors from the United States, are extremely expensive by British standards, and the bigger hotels charge a minimum of £8 a day; even in the smaller establishments and guest-houses the figure is about £4. Still, when I tell you that a cook in private service in Bermuda expects her board and lodging and a minimum of £20 a week, you can hardly expect the cost of living to be low.

The climate in both these island groups during the winter months is equable rather than warm, and it is best illustrated by the fact that at this time bathing is not indulged in at Bermuda, and is rather a doubtful proposition in the Bahamas. If you want, then, to be sure of real warmth, constant sunshine and bathing, you must seek one of the islands in the Caribbean Sea, such as Jamaica or Barbados. Here, too, living costs are much lower, for even on the popular Jamaica, you can stay at such first-class hotels as the Shaw Park and the Tower Isle for about £4 a day—somewhat higher during the spring; while on Barbados the prices are lower still. Again, for those content with a peaceful life amidst beautiful, sun-drenched surroundings, I can recommend the lesser-known islands of Tobago and Grenada.

All these islands of the west offer varying attractions to appeal to the tourist. On Bermuda, the oldest of our Crown Colonies, for it was colonised by us in 1612, every kind of sporting facility is available and the whole island is, indeed, a holiday resort. Magnificent sailing conditions, thrilling deep-sea fishing (amberjack, kingfish, bonito, tuna, marlin, tarpon, bonefish and other "big-game" fighter fish await you), the wonderful Marine Gardens, with their glass-bottomed boats, and Paradise Beach are to be found on the Bahamas; and should you plan your visit for the end of the year, you can witness the African tribal ceremony of Junkanoo, celebrants parading in gaudy, bizarre crêpe-paper or straw costumes, and listen to the insidious beat of traditional goatskin drums and "shak-shaks."

PARADISE BEACH, NASSAU, ON NEW PROVIDENCE ISLAND, IN THE BAHAMAS GROUP: From Nassau the holiday-maker is able to visit the surrounding out islands, scattered across 70,000 square miles of sea, by inter-island air service, or by yacht or boat. Nassau's shops contain many goods which are made in Britain. The Bahamian waters are renowned for swimming, sailing and fishing, and the Nassau beaches are as famous as its climate.

As far as Jamaica is concerned, I regard its wonderful and contrasting scenery to be by far its chief charm. Christopher Columbus, the first tourist to many of the West Indian islands, evidently thought so, too, for he acclaimed it to be "The World's most beautiful island." The purple Blue Mountains afford a magnificent background, as well as a wide range of delightful climates. Montego Bay is the popular resort, but you may well prefer Ocho Rios.

Trinidad, famous for its pitch lake and Botanic Gardens, is hardly a holiday resort, but it is the gateway to Barbados, Tobago and Grenada, all three being enchanting shrines of rest. Each of these islands has satisfactory hotel accommodation, and, by air, Trinidad is only about an hour distant. There are also overnight boat services.

For those who would like to travel out from England by sea to the West Indies, there is the problem of securing a passage, except by booking months in advance, although if you travel via New York the position is easier. In the case of Bermuda, however, there is an opportunity to journey there by Cunarders for the 34,000-ton *Caronia* and the 27,000-ton *Britannic* will call there *en route* to New York for a series of dollar-earning cruises. Their dates of sailing are December 10 and January 17 respectively. The return voyage can be made on the 13,500-ton *Parthia*, calling at Bermuda on February 22. Any travel agent can supply further details of these trips.

By air, the position is much easier. B.O.A.C. maintain a direct service from London to Bermuda, Nassau (Bahamas) and Jamaica, with a link on to Belize (British Honduras), Barbados and Trinidad. Trans-Canada Airlines also offer a fast service, via Montreal. Both companies offer excursion and off-season fares, well-worth considering. There in the Caribbean Sea, British West Indian Airways (in association with B.O.A.C.) provide a network of flights between the various islands. There are other air companies also operating, regarding which I would refer you to a travel agent.

Like the late Lord Curzon, I lament that one of the unfulfilled ambitions of my life is a visit to the Kaietur Fall, in British Guiana. But I still have hopes of seeing this crowning spectacle, one of the wonders of the world. It is now, in any case, not really difficult of access, for you can fly by B.W.I.A. from Trinidad to Georgetown, capital of British Guiana, in just over two hours, whence British Guiana Airways will transport you right to the Fall itself in just over one hour, returning you the same afternoon to Georgetown.

ON THE BEACH AT NASSAU, THE CAPITAL OF THE BAHAMAS GROUP, BRITISH WEST INDIES: Nassau stands on a declivity of the north-east coast and has a sheltered harbour capable of accommodating ships drawing 16 ft. of water. Prominent buildings include Government House, a cathedral, and several historic forts which were used for the defence of the harbour. With its fine winter climate, Nassau makes an ideal resort for invalids.

Useful addresses from which you can get further information regarding the places I have just mentioned are: Bermuda Government Information Office, Regent House, 89, Kingsway, London, W.C.2; Bahamas Government Information Bureau, 29, New Bond Street, London, W.1; and the West Indies Official Enquiry Office (covering the rest of the islands and British Guiana), 40, Norfolk Street, London, W.C.2. While for accommodation (hotels, guest-houses, furnished cottages) queries, I can recommend Tropical Tours, 58, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1, and Benson's Motorways, Ltd., 85, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1, for they both have considerable personal knowledge and specialised contacts with the West Indies.

The idea of a round voyage may well appeal to some persons seeking the sun in the West Indies. This is possible on certain modern freighters, but as these boats only take a dozen passengers each, it is best for me to refer you to such firms as Cooks and Information Travels (7, Pembridge Square, London, W.2), who specialise in this kind of travel and are up to date in what is available. I would, however, like to mention the luxury Christmas cruise on the C.P.R. liner *Empress of Scotland* (26,300 tons), which sails mid-December from Liverpool for the West Indies, returning thirty-one days later. Fully inclusive fares from 224 guineas, but as numbers are limited and the demand is great immediate application for a passage is essential.

WATER-SKIERS ENJOY A MORNING'S SPORT OFF NASSAU BEACH, BAHAMAS : There are good facilities for sports and recreations throughout the year, and bathing is possible in both summer and winter.

THE "QUEEN OF BERMUDA" LEAVING HAMILTON, BERMUDA : Hamilton is the capital of the Bermuda group of islands, the larger islands of which are connected by bridges and causeways. The group of islands consist of submarine sandhills and coral reefs and number about 150. The total length of the islands is about 25 miles.

SAILING BETWEEN THE BERMUDA GROUP OF ISLANDS : This is one of the favourite pastimes of visitors to Bermuda and there are many bays offering perfect facilities for sailing. The islands are not tropical and the summer heat is usually tempered by a pleasant sea breeze. The colony's revenue is mainly derived from import duties and there is no income tax in Bermuda at present. No products are manufactured in the islands except for those of minor handcraft industries.

HOLIDAY-MAKING IN SOUTH AMERICA

Owing to the Currency Restriction the Traveller from Britain is Limited in his Choice of an Itinerary, but is Assured of an Ideal Cruise

To the British holiday-maker, any visit, with one exception, to South America must necessarily be limited to the sea voyage there and back, using the ship as an hotel while in port. This stay at the terminal port may be a week. The chief British lines serving this continent are the Royal Mail, for the Atlantic coast, and the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., for the Pacific coast. For other sailings, apply to a travel agent.

There is one exception, however, to this general barrier : it is to voyage by de luxe Norwegian freighter to Valparaiso, thence by train across the Andes to Buenos Aires, where you join a British freighter to bring you home again. The currency allowance suffices for this interesting trip, which takes 90 to 110 days and costs 350 guineas.

Another suggestion is a luxury cruise by the British liner *Reina del Pacifico* (P.S.N.C.), sailing from Liverpool early January and calling at Bermuda, Nassau, Jamaica, Cuba, Panama, La Libertad, Callao, Mejellones and Antofagasta. The round trip takes about 10 weeks, and the inclusive fares are from £424 first class and £280 cabin class.

A thousand-mile journey up the mighty Amazon into the heart of Brazil is a wonderful experience, and it can be accomplished by the Booth Line liners *Hilary* and *Hildebrand*, most comfortable boats. The itinerary each way is usually Leixoes (Oporto), Lisbon, Madeira, Teneriffe, and/or St. Vincent, Ceara, and/or Recife, and/or Para (the most northern port of Brazil). Then follows the wonderful experience of penetrating 1,000 miles up the Amazon to Manaos, a modern city factually situated on the Rio Negro, ten miles from the main river). Inclusive cruise fares for the seven-eight weeks cruise are from £270, only first-class passengers being carried. The sailings are in early November and mid-January.

For further information about South America, I refer you to the excellent *South American Handbook*, published annually by Trade and Travel Publications Ltd. (price 7s. 6d.). Personally, this Guide and Book of Reference to the countries, products, trade and resources of Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, is my bedside book, for it is a mine of most curious and entertaining information—nearly 800 pages in which to browse.

Gordon Cooper

On left—
A PART OF THE WATER-FRONT OF RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL, SHOWING THE SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN AND A MODERN HOTEL : The Federal capital of Brazil is situated on the southern shore of a landlocked harbour 15 miles long and from 2 to 10 miles wide. The entry into Rio Harbour, whether by day or night, is a spectacle not to be forgotten. The promenade of the city facing the sea is five miles long.

Below—
LOOKING ALONG THE BEACH AND ROADWAY AT MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY : Most of the city is modern, criss-crossed with wide avenues and tree-lined streets, and laid out with large open spaces, parks and gardens, but the original site still retains a certain amount of colonial atmosphere. Montevideo is a fashionable summer resort and the point of departure for a string of seaside resorts along the coastline to the east.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE WYNDHAM LEWIS OF FLASHING PARADOX

A Competent Story from a Sailor; the Account of an Island Home; and a New Angela Thirkell

UNLESS one derives pleasure from what used to be called the higher criticism (and it appears economically impossible for those magazines and journals which printed it to survive), THE WRITER AND THE ABSOLUTE, by Wyndham Lewis (Methuen. 21s.), will be tough going. It does not admit of appraisal by any of the standards applied to other books on this page yet, in a sense, it is one of the most exciting, for Mr. Wyndham Lewis writes clearly, forcefully and provocatively, flashing out paradox and epigram ("the anxious humour of the Clergy," for instance), that one is always wanting to stop, to go back, to argue.

The contemporary writer, he finds, is not free. He cannot write what he thinks, but is obliged to write what he believes. Which goes for all sorts; the Catholics of course, as well as the whole gamut of those who submit to creeds which assert that the world is not as they see it, but that it *is* of such and such a nature. This leads Mr. Wyndham Lewis to take on Malraux, Mauriac, Sartre, Camus, Huxley and Eliot in trenchant terms: to label a whole lot "fellow travellers" (D. H. Lawrence excepted, he "did not go fellow-travelling: sexual interests, anyway, leaving very little room for anything else"), and to devote about a third of his book to the character and work of the late George Orwell. Orwell, he finds, began as a bad case of an Absolutist, but purged himself in two good books, *Animal Farm* and *1984*. Here is the Wyndham Lewis of *The Apes of God* and *Time and the Western Man* on the top of his form.

OLIVER MESSEL PAINTS A PORTRAIT FOR USE IN A PLAY: The artist at work on his portrait of actress Brenda Bruce (period Paris, 1880), which is being used in the play, *A Letter from Paris*, by Dodie Smith, adapted from Henry James's novel, *The Reverberator*. In the play the portrait is "painted" by one of the actors, playing the part of an artist. The play, which is being tried out in the Provinces, will later come to London.

It occurs to me that it is very seldom indeed that you will find a sailor, amateur or professional, writing poor prose. It is as if none of them ever decided to take up a pen until they had convinced themselves in a thoroughly seaman-like manner that they were competent to do so. And an excellent thing too, in parenthesis; a custom that might profitably spread. Whatever the truth of this speculation, it is certain that Mr. Gibson Cowan knew what he was about when he set out to write THE LOG OF THE PELICAN (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.), a book that is as lusty as books about the sea are required to be, as technical as a layman can follow without headaches, and as filled with odd adventures and characters as any reader has a right to expect.

The ship was, and possibly still is, although at one moment during the war it was bought by King Farouk for conversion into a yacht, a 150-ton schooner on which the author shipped as Diesel engineer for a very peculiar run down the Red Sea and back. The crew were heterogenous, to say the least, the captain an intemperate Greek, and the officers, including an elderly English pirate and a Latvian who would rather have fought for, than with, minorities, and who secured a cell to himself in jail by biting all the other prisoners who were put in with him. I should add that the captain had kept a delicatessen shop in New York and was convinced that he had killed the singer, Caruso, by selling him tinned olives.

To those who have read Mrs. Ann Davison's *Last Voyage*, with its account of the shipwreck in which her husband was drowned and she escaped only by some miracle, there will be an added poignancy in HOME WAS AN ISLAND (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.), a book in which she writes of the three years preceding their sea venture, and in which they tried to live by farming a small and remote Scottish island. This book is as courageous as it is frank and good-humoured, and would stand by itself in any case as the story of an adventure, undertaken by a couple unremarkable at first glance, except for their uncommon longing for independence and their determination to achieve it.

The island, or to be exact, the two islands in succession, on which they lived altogether for three years were in Loch Lomond, and to this home they embarked from their smallholding in Cheshire, with two ponies, nineteen goats, a dog, a cat and a whole heap of farmyard impedimenta. The life was hard and their struggles were not only with boats and with animals, but with the everyday business of keeping alive.

Mr. William March has accomplished two things in writing OCTOBER ISLAND (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.): he has been able to write about a missionary and his wife coming from a narrow American sect to a Pacific island without their story being in any particular reminiscent of *Rain*, and he has given us a first-rate novel. From time to time, with all-too-long intervals, one finds a novel of which one can truthfully say that one has enjoyed it word by word with careful delight, and this is one of those cases. For style, Mr. March need fear few contemporaries, and the humour, grace and slyness of his tale are quite enchanting.

The missionaries in question, the Rev. Samuel Barnfield and his wife Irma, have married for the practical purposes of having a housekeeper and married status respectively, and neither love nor particularly like each other. Within his limited creed he is capable of moments of mysticism; she, humourless, energetic, kind, brave and opinionated, has only one desire—to be admired to the point of adulation. When her husband dies and is buried in his native Vermont, Mrs. Barnfield scurries back to the Pacific island full of anticipation and armed with a rich legacy from her drunken and dissolute sister. The islanders receive her not as a queen but as a deity, having prayed and offered sacrifices for her return, and it is some time before she begins to notice the curious absence of children among them, striking at her supporters playfully with her fan and saying: "But really you must tell me where the *children* are!"

The book ends as she is carried happily off by her worshippers, and her old friend, the half-breed Danish sailor, reflects that if we desire greatly enough, "if we seek with a proper diligence, all strange things—even happiness, the strangest of all—become true to life at the end."

Those who remember that fabulous character in South African history, Coenraad de Buys, about whom Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin wrote so vividly in *King of the Bastards*, will recall the missionary Johannes van der Kemp, as the only man "the King" had loved. In THE BURNING MAN (Heinemann. 15s.) Mrs. Millin tells the story of van der Kemp, who is not only a missionary, but a soldier, scholar, philosopher, mystic, a rake and a gentleman in sackcloth.

In the course of a tempestuous youth in Holland, he ran off with a wig-maker's wife, and eventually married a servant-girl. Tragedy attended these escapades, so he went to preach the Word of God to the South African heathens, and at fifty-one years of age he landed at Cape Town from a convict ship. His picturesque and flamboyant character made a great impression on the Kaffirs, for whom he worked "miracles," and culminated in another marriage to a native Hottentot who hated him. The Boers also hated him, because they thought he exacerbated their own uneasy relations with the natives. "Like Spinoza," says the blurb, "he was 'God-intoxicated,' and also intoxicated with sex." This is a grand story and full of the life and local colour which Mrs. Millin can handle so well.

The school of thought to which all true Thirkell fans belong is not so much uncritical as oblivious of matter to criticise. To them, every convoluted sentence, every slightly arch interjection that falls from the pen (or is it from the typewriter?) of Mrs. Angela Thirkell is a treasure to be hailed, appreciated and stored away for future reference. And to prove that the latter phrase is not used idly, I would point out that the marriages and giving in marriage in these Barsetshire novels have now reached such proportions that a thorough grounding in the early works (as one's tutor used to say) is necessary to a thorough appreciation of the new ones.

HAPPY RETURNS (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is, then, the latest of the novels to appear, and we recognise in its title not a reminder of a family anniversary but of the results of the last election when, as all right-minded or Thirkellite people know, Mr. Churchill was again called into power and They were put where they belonged, in the minority. That baleful use of the word They is, indeed, the nearest the author can bear to come to a direct mention of the Labour Party, but it is quite unmistakeable and not likely to lead to the slightest misunderstanding.

It can be said of Mr. Gerald Kersh that he is a master of his craft in a style which is inimitably his own, and that although his work can be uneven, he can never be dull and certainly never uninteresting. Of the novelists writing to-day, I think he comes nearest to fulfilling Mr. Somerset Maugham's dictum that a writer of fiction should tell a good story, having a beginning, a middle and an end.

THE BRAZEN BULL (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is a book of short stories as varied as such collections must be. They range from the fantastic irony of "The Brazen Bull," with its portrait of a celebrity hunter, to a group of quite charming stories about Mr. Ypsilanti, a delightful character who steps straight out of the Imperial Court of Vienna, and who brings an air of elegance and gallantry to the squalid urbanity of his surroundings.

TREAD LIGHTLY, ANGEL (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) is this week's ration of detective fiction, and a very generous one, too. Mr. Stephen Ransome is heading fast for the top flight of the masters of this particular brand of writing, and has already made his reputation with two excellent stories. The present one, too, has a New York setting and some appropriately lush decorations to its plot which, incidentally, moves admirably fast.

THE PROVENCE BEHIND THE BEACHES

A Wider View of the Fabulous Playground of Southern France

As the trains roar south along the Rhône Valley from Lyons to Vienne, Valence, Montelimar and Avignon, heading for Marseilles and the fabulous Azure coast that lies to the eastward, they carry through the summer months a great army of foreign tourists and French holiday-makers. With nearly all of them the objective is a place in the sun; for, the brief interludes of mistral apart, that is the French Riviera's guarantee. In these post-war years this remarkable littoral, once the preserve of wealth and privilege, has become the playground of the millions who enjoy holidays with pay, and from La Ciotat and Cassis on the west to Menton and Ventemille, near the Italian border, on the east, the pattern is the same, the beaches with their gay umbrellas (providing the essential shade at a price), the little cafés and the grand restaurants, and all around an atmosphere of well-calculated commercialism that has no exact counterpart save upon the coasts of Florida and California. There is another side to the Riviera, however; one that is not hard to find and which, once encountered, can add measurably to the pleasures of holiday-making in Provence. Douglas Goldring knows it well, and in his new volume, THE SOUTH OF FRANCE (Macdonald. 15s.), he tends to draw us away from the international fun-fair of the littoral, the expensive coastal zone, to examine the hill towns and villages, the treasures of art and architecture, and to see for ourselves the French way of life in the deep south. It is a rewarding experience, for Mr. Goldring is an enthusiastic and knowledgeable guide. Behind popular Le Lavandou he takes us to the old republic of Bormes and, in the depth of the forest, in one of the most superb situations in all France, explores the ruins of the vast Carthusian monastery of La Chartreuse de la Verne. Behind populous Nice—the third city of France—he takes us up to St. Paul du Vence, a hilltop town which has already suffered tourist invasion (but not to the same degree as neighbouring Vence). The great glory of St. Paul is its church, a perfect treasure-house of religious art. Biot, behind the old port of Antibes, and fortified Mougins, crowning the summit of a hill beyond Cannes, are other places of character and charm, dreaming in the sun and reflecting the spirit of old Provence which Mr. Goldring understands and loves so well. For those who would add variety to their holiday in the sun this author indeed has almost unlimited suggestions.

Here is another book about the Mediterranean shore, and admirable for holiday reading. Anthony Reid, who served as a young officer in Africa and Italy and used his gift for languages in getting to know the native inhabitants of Egypt, Palestine, Algiers, Sardinia, Corsica and wherever else he was stationed, has written his lighthearted reminiscences under the title of LAUGHTER IN THE SUN (Geoffrey Bles. 18s.).

J. E. Manchip White, who is also making a name for himself as a poet and a dramatist, is a Cambridge honours graduate in Egyptology. He is a scholar with a lively style, and in his new book, ANCIENT EGYPT (Allan Wingate. 21s.), has produced a general introduction to the field of Egyptian studies. The material is arranged in a novel way, a series of chapters being devoted to the descending hierarchy of ancient Nilotic society, the Pharaoh, the Priest, the Aristocrat, the Architect, the Craftsman, and the Peasant. The functions and activities of each member of the community are thereby conveniently and comprehensibly set forth.

Heinrich Wolfflin's CLASSIC ART (The Phaiden Press. 30s.), a magnificent introduction to the Italian Renaissance, has appeared in eight editions in Germany, and this welcome English edition has been ably translated by Peter and Linda Murray. When Wolfflin died in 1945, at the age of eighty-one, it could be said of him that he had found art criticism in chaos and left it as a science. This volume is a monument to his vast achievement. Its vital importance to art-lovers and students is explained in an introductory essay by Herbert Read. The volume has over 200 illustrations, a number of them in colour.

In CHILD ARTISTS OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH (Harrap. 15s.), Mary Durack Miller describes and illustrates some of the remarkable work of untrained aborigine children, often badly-fed and badly-housed youngsters who inexplicably have produced beauty in the midst of squalor. About forty of these truly astonishing paintings and drawings are reproduced.

The sixth volume in the uniform edition of the works of Radclyffe Hall now makes its appearance. It is THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE (Falcon Press. 15s.), that unusual novel set in Provence and written in the form of a parable about the family and life of Jesus. It is consodered by some critics to be the best of all Radclyffe Hall's works.

Follow the sun to Bermuda

To Bermuda:
CARONIA Dec. 10th
BRITANNIC Jan. 17th
From Bermuda:
PARTHIA Feb. 22nd

In enchanted Bermuda you will enjoy sunshine, play and relaxation under blue skies. Sail to this "sterling area" paradise in the gracious living of the incomparable *CARONIA*, Britain's largest post-war liner, or the superb *BRITANNIC*. Return direct by the *PARTHIA* or from New York by any Cunard passenger sailing.

Cunard

For full information apply: Pier Head, Liverpool 3 (Central 9201); 15 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1 (Whitehall 7890); 88 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3 (Avenue 3010); or principal travel agents.

FLY TO South Africa by the 'SPRINGBOK' Service

THREE FLIGHTS WEEKLY by South African Airways to Johannesburg via Rome, Khartoum and Nairobi. One Service per week calls at Frankfurt. Fully pressurised 4-engined Constellation aircraft. Complimentary meals and mealtime drinks. No gratuities.

British Overseas Airways also provide three flights weekly by Comet to Johannesburg on the "Springbok" Service, which is operated jointly by S.A.A. and B.O.A.C.

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT; B.O.A.C. or SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: WHITEHALL 4488.

Limitless enjoyment

IF YOU *WINTER* IN

BERMUDA

Thank goodness there's still a heavenly spot on this distracted globe where Britons don't have to be paupers; a coral necklace of islands where the Gulf Stream wards off winter; where there's swimming and game-fishing all the year round, and Christmas comes in with scarlet Poinsettia; where you can ride and sail and dance under the stars, and the *dolce far niente* is just about the best in the world. Are you wintering in Bermuda?

HOW TO GET THERE

Bermuda is 700 miles S.E. of New York, in the latitude of North Carolina. *B.O.A.C.* will fly you there, either direct from London, or via New York taking advantage of the low tourist fare. Or you can sail direct by Cunard, which gives you a week of comfort in the CARONIA, sailing from Southampton Dec. 10, or the BRITANNIC, from Liverpool, Jan. 17. Frequent other services via New York.

Bermuda's Currency is Sterling. There is no limit on the amount you are allowed to take there.

Colour films of Bermuda available on loan—write to P.R. Bureau, Bermuda Government Information Office, Regent House, 89 Kingsway, London, W.C.2, who will also send you free illustrated booklet and information about fares and hotel charges. Or ask your Travel Agent.

WHEN IN NEW YORK on business, why not take advantage of the nearness of Bermuda and enjoy a break there on the way home?

Just what the doctor ordered

Year in and year out reliability, quick starting from cold, the restful driving that comes from a perfectly adjusted seating position, all-round vision and smooth suspension—all this is generously given in a Wolseley and besides, a quiet dignity and distinction.

Two models: "Four Fifty": 1½ litre, 4 cylinder engine. "Six Eighty": 2¼ litre, 6 cylinder engine.

★

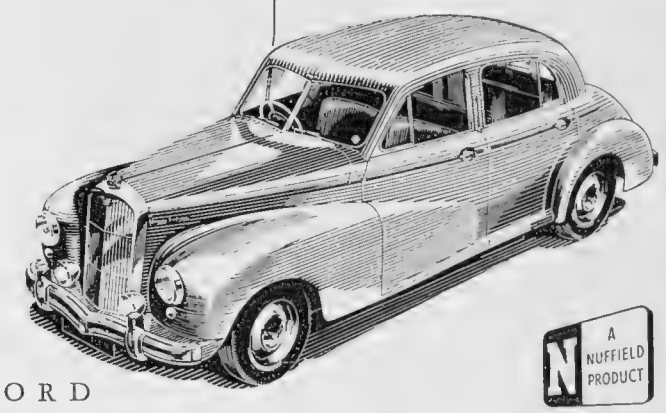
Excellent power-to-weight ratio. Sparkling metalichrome finishes on monoconstruction rust-proof bodies. Paratorsion independent front wheel suspension. Powerful Lockheed brakes. All seats within wheelbase. Plenty of head and leg room for 5 people.

★

Delicately controlled ventilation. Car heater. Twin interior lights. Large locker capacity. English leather Dunlopillo upholstery.

-AND THAT'S WHY ***WE*** WANT

WOLSELEY



A NUFFIELD PRODUCT

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

London Showrooms: Eustace Watkins Ltd., 12, Berkeley Street, W.1

WINGS DAY SEPT 20th

Give for those who Gave

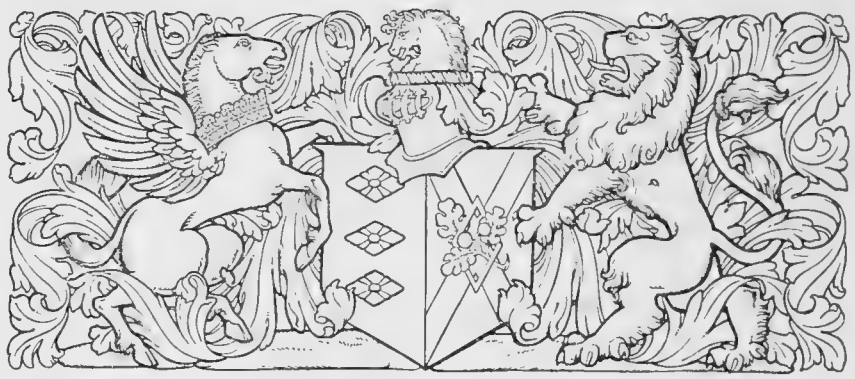
Valstar

The Aristocrat of Overcoats

Available At Most Fine Stores

Write for the name of your nearest stockists to

VALSTAR LTD., 314, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.



GOOD CARS HAVE

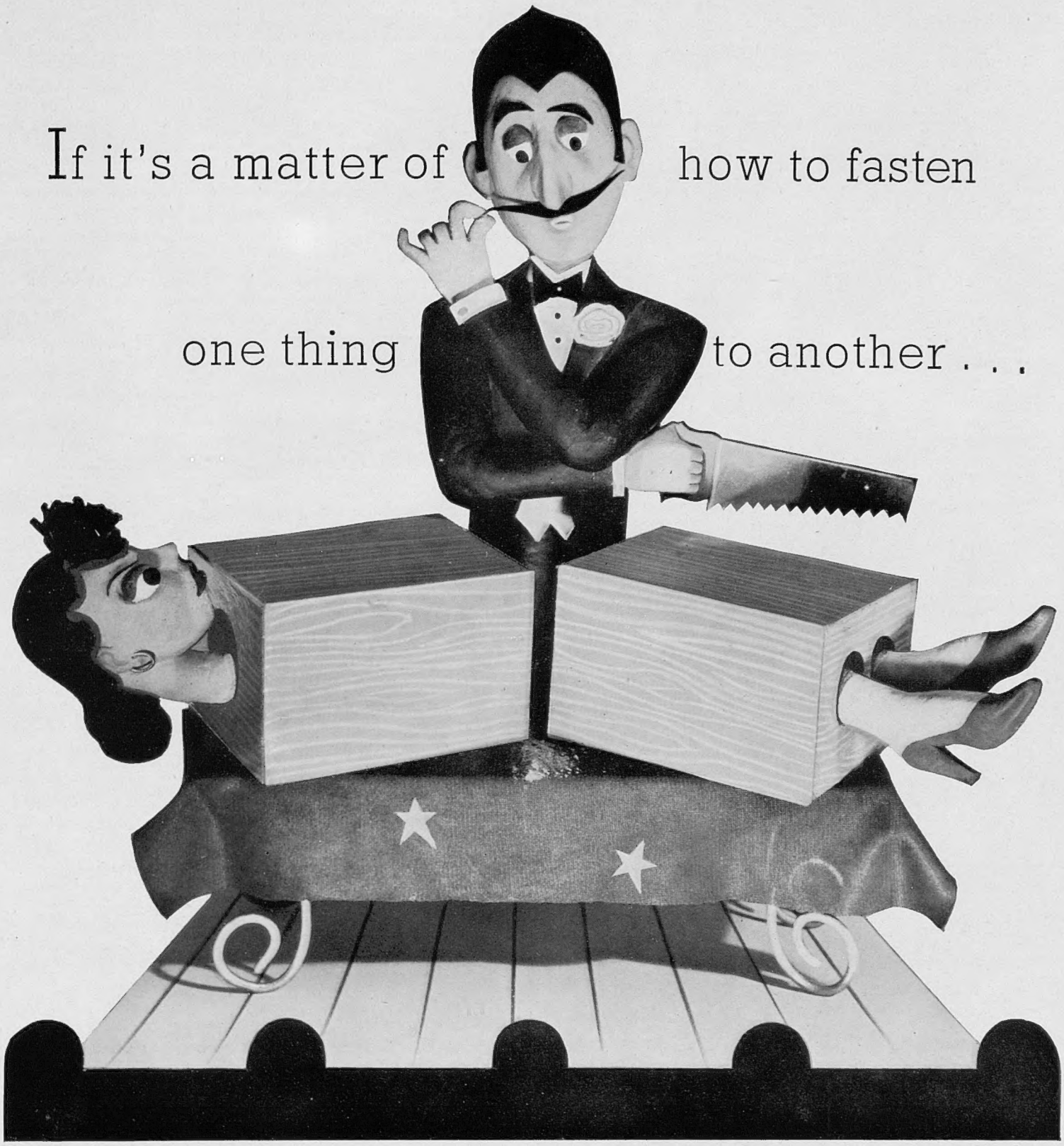
BRITISH LEATHER

UPHOLSTERY

For luxurious comfort there's nothing like leather

If it's a matter of how to fasten

one thing to another . . .



. . . get in touch with GKN

GUEST KEEN & NETTLEFOLDS (MIDLANDS) LIMITED

BOLT & NUT DIVISION: ATLAS WORKS, DARLASTON, S. STAFFS. Tel. Darlaston 28

SCREW DIVISION: BOX 24, HEATH STREET, BIRMINGHAM, 18. Tel. Smethwick 1441

Seager Evans & Co. Limited, The Distillery, London, SE8

℗2

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

ABERDOUR, FIFE. WOODSIDE HOTEL

For imaginative cooking, a menu bewildering in its choice, a wine-list in keeping with your purse, a bedroom of studied comfort, and a holiday base delightfully free from sophistication. Facing Firth of Forth. Aberdour 8.

THE ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter

"The Gateway to the West." A beautiful eighteenth-century coaching house in the quiet of the Cathedral Close, packed with the relics of a more leisured age, yet with every modern amenity. Well-appointed bedrooms. Restaurant, Cocktail Lounge, Lift. P.O. phones all rooms. R.A.C., A.A. Tel.: 4071/2.

HYTHE, Kent. HOTEL IMPERIAL

Standing in a wonderful island position overlooking the sea. 9-hole Golf Course, Tennis, Croquet, Bowls, Putting, all in own 50-acre grounds. First-class comfort, food and service. Cocktail bar, sun-deck lounge, Ballroom. Tel.: 67441.

The Stafford Hotel

ST. JAMES'S PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1.

A first-class hotel quietly situated in the heart of St. James's Convenient for shopping and theatres. Cocktail Bar and Restaurant.

Telephone : REGent 0111.

Under the same direction : The Royal Norfolk Hotel, Bognor Regis.

VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH, IN SUNNY SOUTH DEVON

Rooms overlooking the sea with private bath and self-controlled radio. Orchestra, Dancing, Cocktail Lounge. All outdoor recreations; food you will enjoy. Come and be spoilt! Open all the year. Tel.: 951.

CARLYON BAY HOTEL, Nr. ST. AUSTELL, S. Cornwall.

In the centre of the Cornish Riviera. Facing south and overlooking the sea. 90 bedrooms, many with private bathroom. Own Golf Course adjoining. Tennis, Bowls, Swimming, Fishing, Dancing. Write or phone PAR 404 for illustrated brochure.

TORQUAY, GRAND HOTEL

For a 'Riviera' Winter. No sea or air sickness, no foreign customs or currency. Warmth, a sunny bedroom, bathroom or suite can be yours at very reasonable terms. Write O. R. Paul. Tel.: 2234

THE SPA HOTEL, ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

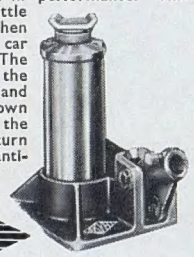
Faces the south and the sun, 400 ft. up in 65 acres of parkland. Thirty miles from London and the coast. Fully licensed. First-class cuisine. Lift, cocktail lounge and ballroom. Free golf on own sporting 9-hole course. Residential terms by arrangement. Tel.: 20331 (3 lines).

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY

One of Britain's best-run Country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Own Swimming Pool, Sporting Golf Course, Tennis, Squash, Dancing, Billiards—all free to residents. 60 acres grounds, 150 rooms (many with private bath); self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure with pleasure. Weybridge 1190.

WHEN A "MINOR" IS "MAJOR"

The Skyhi "Minor" Hydraulic Jack is MINOR by name but MAJOR in performance. This exceptionally sturdy little jack, only 6½" high when closed, will lift your car with effortless ease. The long handle slides the MINOR under axle and with a few up-and-down strokes of handle the wheel is clear. A turn or two of the handle, anti-clockwise, lowers the car.



SKYHI

a child can use it

NO DIRTY HANDS

Made for every motorist.

PLEASE WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER

PRICE £5.4.6 from any Garage

SKYHI LIMITED
"SKYHI" WORKS, WORTON ROAD, ISLEWORTH, MIDDX.

Andy ADAGES No 39

SMOOTH WORDS MAKE SMOOTH WAYS and ANDY Garden Gloves will keep your hands smooth; protect them against scratches, bruises and infection. ANDY Gloves last longest—stay softest even after repeated washings or wettings. Make sure it's ANDY you get.

THESE ARE THE GLOVES YOU HAVE HEARD ABOUT

4/11 per pair from all Ironmongers & Stores, or direct 5/2 post free. (State size)
TEDSON THORNLEY & CO.
ROCHDALE

Andy Regd GARDEN GLOVES

If your shirt's a

VANTELLA

★ it has a Van Heusen unshrinkable neckband

★ Van Heusen semi-stiff cuffs that wear and wear

★ boneless, buttonless, always-smart Van Heusen collars to match

All Vantella shirts are tailored coat style. Pattern card available

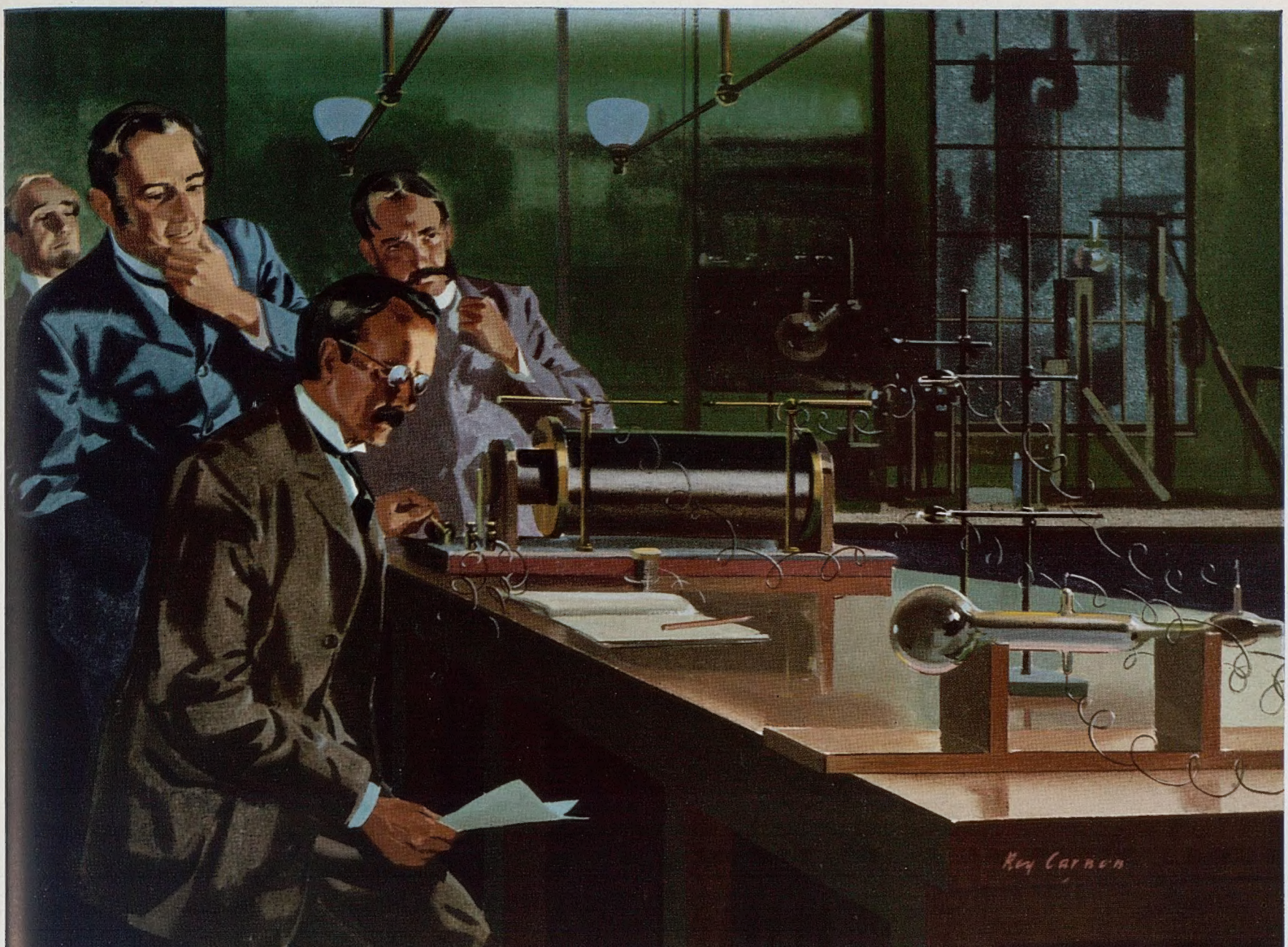
COTELLA LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.1

By Appointment,
Biscuit Manufacturers to the late King George VI.

Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

Biscuits



Scene reconstructed by Roy Carnon

WHEN IT FIRST OPENED ITS DOORS, in 1894, to post-graduate students from other universities, the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge granted them a greater privilege than anyone suspected. Only three years later their brilliant leader, Professor J. J. Thomson, announced that his experiments with cathode rays had revealed "... matter in a new state ... in which the subdivision of matter is carried very much further than in the ordinary gaseous state..." With this discovery of the electron, as it is now known, came the dawn of the atomic age — an age which has already transformed science and industry — giving us such wonders as television and the electron microscope — and has provided a vast new source of power. How rich were the closing years of the nineteenth century in great names and great beginnings!

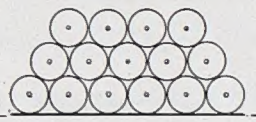
It was also in 1894 that Albert E. Reed took over an almost derelict straw paper mill to make super-calendered newsprint and other printing papers. Acquiring and revitalising other paper mills with remarkable energy and foresight, he founded one of the world's largest paper-making organisations. And at the five mills of the Reed Paper Group — where giant modern machines produce every day hundreds of tons of newsprint, kraft, tissues and other papers — his pioneering spirit is kept alive in ceaseless technological research.

TO-DAY THE REED PAPER GROUP

Employs over 6,500 workers

Uses some 300,000 tons of coal a year

Operates 26 paper-making machines



Produces over 275,000 tons of paper a year

Pioneers in modern paper technology

Reed

PAPER GROUP

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD

THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD · EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD
THE MEDWAY CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD · MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD
BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD · THE NATIONAL CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD
REED FLONG LTD · REED PAPER SALES LTD
POWELL, LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD · E. R. FREEMAN & WESCOTT LTD

Head Office: 105 Piccadilly London W.1

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatever.

Wasdale *Rowland Hilder*

LOTUS Veldtschoen

Waterproof *Guaranteed*

NOW
105/-

"I bought my Lotus Veldtschoen twenty-two years ago and have worn them every winter since. I have worn these boots in snow storms, climbed mountains in the Lake District, and walked twenty miles in a day over rough country roads. In spite of their age, they are still in good condition and I wear them in wet weather."

Designed and made to master every vagary of climate.
Famous the world over for their long and reliable service. Made in Northampton, England.

Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2.
Saturday, August 30, 1952. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.